

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1862, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 329—Vol. XIII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1862.

[DOUBLE NUMBER, PRICE 10 CENTS.]

### Our Double Number.

We this week issue the first double number of an Illustrated Newspaper ever published in America; one, also, which in the originality, authenticity and historic value of its illustrations has never been paralleled on either continent! The Great Victory of the National arms at Fort Donelson, which we only anticipate the judgment of history in pronouncing the decisive battle of the war, has here a full illustration, from the pencil of one of the most accurate and faithful artists in the country. Besides these important illustrations, we print others scarcely less interesting, of Bowling Green, the evacuated rebel stronghold of the South-West, together with portraits of leading officers distinguished in the recent operations. But apart from these extraordinary artistic features, this number contains the first part of a new Tale, of great interest, from an American author, who has already distinguished himself in the field of fiction, and whose name will be duly announced.

This, the first established Illustrated Weekly Newspaper in America, and by far the most widely circulated, has now taken the initiative in meeting the public requirements, at a time when every man, woman and child in the country is



CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON—WOUNDED SOLDIERS BURNING TO DEATH ON THE BATTLEFIELD, DURING THE NIGHT OF THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13.—FOREST FIRED BY SHELLS.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENRI LOVIN.—SEE PAGE 270.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—GROUP OF REBEL PRISONERS CAPTURED AT FORT DONELSON, ON THE MORNING AFTER THE SURRENDER, CLOTHED IN RED BLANKETS, PIECES OF CARPETING, ETC.—SEE PAGE 270.



eager for full and complete illustrations of the exciting and vital events which are occurring throughout our land.

To give some notion of the extent of our enterprise, we have only to say that the engravings—all of them original in this double number—cover nearly

### 2,600 Square Inches, or 20 Square Feet!

All drawn and engraved within four days!

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### Twenty-one Tons!

Printed on NINE Mammoth Cylinder Presses!

We intend this number to show that our exertions shall be commensurate with the wide and liberal support extended to us by an appreciative public. We have our artists with every division of the army and every expedition on the sea. Of their efficiency and truth we can give the amplest evidence, of the same character with the subjoined brief note from one of the leaders of the charge of Hawkins's Zouaves at Roanoke Island:

"ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1862.

"FRANK LESLIE, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR—In reply to your note of this day's date, I beg to say that your illustrations of the victories on Roanoke Island are very correct.

"I noticed, and so did the whole of the Ninth regiment, Mr. Schell, your artist, sitting on a log sketching under the hottest fire from Fort Defiance. His nonchalance and coolness did as much towards inspiring our troops as the enthusiasm and bravery of any of the officers.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"E. A. KIMBALL,

"Major 9th regiment New York Volunteers."

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF OUR DOUBLE NUMBER.

FORT DONELSON.—Wounded Soldiers Burning to Death.

Rebel Prisoners.

Brilliant and Decisive Charge of 2d Iowa Regt.

General Wallace's Charge on the Outposts.

The Water Batteries, looking North-West.

Inside View of the Fort.

FORT HENRY.—First Landing of U. S. Troops in Tennessee.

The Gunboats approaching Fort Henry.

Map of the Seat of War in the West.

BOWLING GREEN.—The U. S. Troops under the command of Gen.

Mitchell occupying the City, and its surrounding Forts.

Public Square, with the Court House and Market House.

Portraits of the following distinguished persons:

General Grant.

Major Kimball.

General Garfield.

General Buckner.

BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—Wreck of the Steamer Pocahontas,

laden with Horses, off Hatteras Island.

Topographical Map of Roanoke Island, with the Forts, etc.

Illustration to the New Story.

### Barnum's American Museum.

THE \$30,000 NUTT is creating a perfect *furor* at the Museum. Everybody goes to see him, everybody is delighted with him. He sings, dances, gives the Grecian Statues, &c., &c. He is on exhibition at all hours every day and evening, as are the Living Hippopotamus, Living Whale, Sea Lion, Aquaria, &c. A new Spectacular Play, KADAK AND KALASRADE, every afternoon and evening. Admission to all only 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1862.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also, FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by J. A. KNIGHT, 109 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

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### The New Treasury Note and Loan Law—A Uniform Currency.

THE Treasury Note and Loan Bill which has been for some time pending before Congress, has now passed both Houses and received the Presidential sanction, and is "herefore a law of the land. It is a most important measure, interesting, not to say vital, to the people, and one which all should understand. Divesting it of all technicalities and the enactments against counterfeiting, etc., its substantial provisions are as follows:

1.—It provides for the issue of \$150,000,000 of Treasury Notes, not bearing interest, which shall be "legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States," and receivable for taxes and duties of every kind, except duties on imports, which must be payable in coin. The demand notes—\$50,000,000—now in circulation, are to be

taken up as soon as possible, and the notes authorized by this act substituted, so that there shall not be at any time more than \$150,000,000 of Treasury Notes in circulation. This amount, it is supposed, with the notes of established banks and specie, will be sufficient for the business of the country.

2.—The Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue \$500,000,000 of coupon or registered bonds of the United States, of the denomination of \$50 and upwards, payable in 20 years from date, but redeemable at the option of the Government after five years, and bearing interest of 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually in coin—the coin received from duties on imports (as above) being devoted, 1st, to payment of interest on bonds and notes, and 2d., as a sinking fund for the redemption of one per cent. annually of the entire debt of the United States.

3.—The Treasury Notes issued by the Government may be exchanged for interest paying bonds, (as above), on presentation to the Treasurer or Assistant Treasurers of the United States in sums of \$50 on the multiples of fifty.

4.—Persons holding Treasury Notes may deposit them with the Treasurer or Assistant Treasurers of the United States in sums of \$100 and upwards, for such period as he may choose—not less than thirty days—and receive certificates of deposit therefor, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent., payable in coin. Such deposits may be withdrawn by ten days notice on surrender of the certificate. The aggregate of these deposits must not exceed \$25,000,000.

Such are the essential provisions of the new law, and when the Tax Bill for not less than \$150,000,000, which Congress has pledged itself to pass, shall have been adopted, it is believed it will be adequate to meet the requirements of the Government, as well as to meet the wants of the people. The banks and all other creditors must accept the Treasury Notes at par, and it will now be to the interest of all to keep them in that position. The law has met much opposition from brokers who subsist through buying and selling currency, and from the small banks that live by their circulation. The first obtained their principal profits by buying the issues of distant banks at a loss to the holder, and returning them for redemption. Their existence depends on an unsettled fluctuating circulation, and they naturally opposed any measure which should establish an equal and uniform currency, and make a note in St. Louis worth as much as in New York. The creation of a vicious system, they must fall with it. As for the banks, they have objected to the law really, if not openly, because of its tendency to substitute the Government notes for their own. But we opine the people will be better satisfied with obligations based on the faith, credit and resources of the nation, than with the "promises to pay" of persons of whom the world never heard, and dated from country villages and obscure cross-roads, with names often unpronounceable, and which we look for in vain on the maps. We shall soon probably see the last of the issues of the COMMERCIAL BANK (in big letters) of *Passamquunk* (in very small letters), economically printed on very thin paper, albeit gorgeous in color, and in lieu thereof have our eyes gladdened with the plainer but more substantial issues of Uncle Sam, good in law throughout the land, and guaranteed by 20,000,000 of free and thrifty citizens. Let unhappy brokers and the President and Directors of the Commercial Bank of *Passamquunk* henceforth devote themselves to the more reputable if less profitable pursuit of cultivating cabbages and potatoes. Their occupation's clearly gone.

### Gunboats—National and Rebel.

Iron-plated gunboats have received their first serious trial on the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, where they have proved surprisingly efficacious. It is true the French had some iron floating batteries in the attack on the Russian forts at Kinburn, where they effectually resisted the fire directed against them. But the Russian guns were light, the heaviest 32-pounders, and in no degree to be compared to the heavy 9-inch columbiads and rifled 128-pounders brought to bear on Com. Foote's flotilla. The French floating batteries would have been literally smashed to pieces had they, like the St. Louis and the Lexington, received from 60 to 70 shots in an hour, from guns like those at Forts Henry and Donelson. And it may well be doubted if the vaunted French steel-clad Gloire, and the English iron-plated Warrior could stand before the 10-inch and 15-inch battering guns which up to this time have been cast and put in use only in this country. Indeed, it is problematical if any vessel capable of floating, built as the vessels just named are built, with vertical or nearly vertical sides, can resist a 240 pound shot, striking it at right angles. The success of the Western gunboats was not in the thickness of their sides and plating, but was due to the principle on which they are built—a principle taught us by the rebels at Charleston at the time of the attack on Fort Sumter, and exhibited in the construction of the then much ridiculed floating battery and the iron-faced land batteries. These were constructed so as not to present a vertical front to the line of fire, but with inclined surfaces, from which the heaviest shot glanced off impotently. The principle good in theory was thoroughly vindicated in practice, and has since been abundantly proved to be sound by the experience of Com. Foote.

These Western gunboats, as is well known, are constructed of heavy timber, faced with iron plates an inch and a half thick, sloping up from near the water's edge, at an angle of about 45 degrees. In the attack on Fort Henry, where the guns of the fort were nearly on the same plane with those of the boats, we believe not a single shot, not even the heaviest, penetrated the iron armor, although the boats came within 100 yards of the batteries. But at Fort Donelson, where some of the heaviest guns were placed on elevated batteries, 100 and 200 feet above the water, the plunging shot struck the armor of the boats almost at right angles. The result, in the language of a correspondent of the *Daily Times*, who was on board one of the vessels, was that, under such circumstances, "rifled 32-pounders will penetrate our sides, while 120-pounders merely laugh at the obstruction."

Congress has just authorized the building of 20 iron-plated or iron gunboats, judiciously leaving the question as to their construction open to the scientific intelligence, ingenuity and practical skill of our mechanics. We hope these will not overlook the lessons of experience. We repeat, what we fully believe, that all the iron-plated ships of England and France would be utterly demolished by Fort Hamilton alone, if armed with 12 and 15-inch guns, before being able to pass the Narrows.

No possible construction of wood and iron, capable of floating, and particularly if capable of crossing the Atlantic, can stand before our heavy guns, unless built on the principle of glancing off rather than resisting the shot. It is said that the new vessel recently built at Mystic embodies this principle. If she does so judiciously, she will prove, comparatively small as she is (designed to carry only 6 guns), more than a match for the Warrior or any other vessel in the English or French navy.

The twenty new vessels, with the three already nearly finished, if properly built with a just deference to the experiences at Charleston and on the Western rivers, will enable us to smile at all suggestions of foreign interference, and dismiss as idle "bagaboos" the threats of the *Times* and its co-haters of America, about bombarding our ports and annihilating our navy.

And here we feel it our duty to utter a try of warning. The splendid frigate *Merrimac*, abandoned at Norfolk through the treachery or imbecility of Com. McCauley (for which he has escaped death, and, so far as we know, even censure), has been iron or steel plated, and with a heavy armament is reported nearly ready to sail out into Hampton Roads. We are told that our fleet is ready for her; and so was the Mississippi blockading squadron "ready" for Hollins's much ridiculed "iron turtle." Yet the fleet ran ingloriously before it, and the *Vincennes* was absolutely abandoned, with a train laid to her magazine, which fortunately did not explode. Hollins's "turtle" was no doubt badly constructed, and unworthy of Northern skill. But it did drive the fleet out of the river! There is the awkward fact. And we anticipate a no very different result from the *Merrimac*, whenever she becomes ready to leave Norfolk. The capture of that town might prevent her exit, but probably that consideration does not enter into the profound strategy which develops itself so gloriously on the Potomac.

And while on this point we may as well mention that there are certainly two iron-clad gunboats, perhaps more, in process of construction at Mobile, to be armed with the Armstrong guns (probably the weakest feature about them), and that there are not less than eight, of similar construction, already built at New Orleans, exclusive of the "turtle." The folly of despising an enemy, or of neglecting rational provision, may some day, not far distant, secure a new and by no means creditable illustration, so far as we are concerned, from the operations of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, and of the rebel gunboats at New Orleans and Mobile. "Strategy" and "gigantic combinations" are no doubt great things in their way; so also is the modest virtue of precaution.

### The Government and the Press.

SOME TIME ago Congress authorized the President to assume control of the telegraphic lines throughout the country whenever the public interest or exigencies should require. The time has now come. We all know that the full power of the Government is speedily to be put forth against the rebellion, and as secrecy is an important element to the success of the operations on foot, the Government has not only taken control of the telegraph, but the Secretary of War has issued the following stringent order directed to all the Chiefs of Police in our Northern cities:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, 1862.  
WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.—All newspaper editors and publishers have been forbidden to publish any intelligence received by telegraph or otherwise, respecting military operations by the United States forces. Please see this night that this order is observed. If violated by any paper issued to-morrow, seize the whole edition, and give notice to this department, that arrests may be ordered.

E. M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.

Of course, nothing but grave necessity could justify such an order, and in submitting to it the press, as did the people in the case of Mr. Seward's arbitrary arrests, only mean to admit that the Government is the true judge of the public requirements, to which all are willing to defer. It is from no lack of sensitiveness to executive encroachments, or want of appreciation of the dangers incident to the slightest infringement of the rights of individuals and the press, that the people have submitted to the proceedings of Mr. Seward, and now defer to the orders of Mr. Stanton. They are willing to believe that the public interests require the adoption of these extraordinary measures. But they will hold their authors to the strictest responsibility. If it shall appear that they have been dictated by idle fears, caprice, to gratify personal prejudices or favoritism, or in any way except by the supremest and sincerest regard for the public welfare, woe unto their authors! The Government has taken a grave responsibility, we trust and believe not without reason. The Liberty of the Press, the Rights of Person—these be blood-bought boons! Anathema and death to the man or the Government which infringes ever so slightly on either, except under the sternest requirements of the Public Good or the National Safety!

### The Battle of Fort Donelson.

THE battle of Bull Run subsides into insignificance by the side of the fearful struggle at Fort Donelson, which was by far the most severely contested and bloodiest known to our history. The rebel loss in killed and wounded exceeds the losses of both the National and rebel armies at Bull Run, while the number of rebel prisoners falls little short of the numerical strength of the army which McDowell led against the batteries of Manassas. The extent of the National loss at Donelson is not yet fully known, but in Gen. McClernand's Division alone it reaches over 1,500 in killed and wounded. It was this Division which sustained the con-



centrated attack of 12,000 rebels in their desperate attempt to cut through the National lines and escape from their beleaguered works.

It appears that the rebel force concentrated at Fort Donelson was quite 25,000 men. The rebel leaders knew the importance of the position, and well understood that if taken, both Kentucky and Tennessee would no longer be tenable. They therefore threw into it the flower and strength of their army of the West, staking their fortunes and hopes on the issue. Their defeat was overwhelming, and the victory of the National arms, though dearly bought, decisive. The Western Manassas and the rebel capitol of the South-West have been abandoned without striking a blow. Bowling Green and Nashville are ours, and the rebel army which three months ago was threatening Cincinnati and St. Louis, is now flying towards the Gulf. Columbus and Memphis must soon share the fate of Bowling Green and Manassas, and New Orleans and Mobile, pressed between the bayonets of the North-West and the fire of our fleets, be compelled to accept again the authority which, in their blind fury, they threw off.

Such have been and will be the results of the decisive battle of Fort Donelson—won by our gallant army after three days of unrelenting fighting, amidst snow and sleet and mire, with insufficient food, without shelter, against an enemy nearly equal in numbers, strongly entrenched and abundantly supplied. There may be, no doubt there will be severe fighting elsewhere, but it was there, on the wintry banks of the sullen Cumberland, that the integrity of the nation, imperilled for a long and gloomy twelvemonth, was finally vindicated. We have looked to the south banks of the Potomac as the place where the great decisive battle of the war would be fought; but nothing can be done there now, except to complete the work commenced and more than half finished on the Cumberland! Honor to the hardy sons of the North-West! The East gave them an empire, and they have served the nation.

#### The Cause of the Rebellion.

It is natural enough that the rebel Commissioners in Europe should exhaust every expedient to secure a recognition of their "Confederacy" by the Great Powers; and it is not surprising to any one, knowing their antecedents, that they should resort to falsehood and fraud to carry a point so essential to their success and safety. That they should represent that they have been victorious in every battle, that revolution in their behalf impends in the Northern States themselves, and that rather more vessels run in and out of the Southern ports now than there did before the blockade was established, astonishes no one here, where all know and understand the audacity, as well as the mendacity, of the rebel leaders. But we did think they would be conscientious on the score of "niggers," and be consistent on the subject of Slavery. After having roused the South to treason, under the pretext that their "peculiar institutions" were in danger, and that the "Abolitionists" were coming, it is certainly extraordinary that they should now turn round and stultify themselves by saying that this pretext was false, that the North is rather more pro-Slavery than the South, and that the only motive for breaking up the Government and sacrificing 100,000 lives was "not Slavery, but the very high price which, for the sake of protecting the Northern manufactures, the South was obliged to pay for the manufactured goods which they required."

Start not, astonished reader! These are the precise words used by Messrs. Rost, Yancey and Mann in their last appeal to Earl Russell for British sympathy, support and recognition!

So there was no principle involved in this gigantic insurrection, only a question of "price" of manufactures! Verily the rebels have resorted to an expensive expedient for reducing prices!

But it is idle to discuss such pretexts seriously. We all know that the Commissioners only meant to appeal to the selfishness of England, by pretending that they are fighting the North because the North keeps out English manufactures. They could not possibly have so far presumed on the stupidity of Earl Russell and the English people as to suppose them ignorant of the cause and purpose of this war. The cause, the wide world knows, was Slavery, and the purpose its extension and perpetuation. The Vice-President of the so-called Southern Confederacy tersely and truly declared, in his famous speech of March, 1861, that "African Slavery was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution. The stone which the first builders rejected is become the chief stone of the corner of our new edifice."

Such an avowal, we can well believe, would not greatly help the Commissioners in England, and they must have been barren in invention indeed not to have devised some more adequate and plausible pretext for disrupting a great Government and disturbing the commerce of the world, than that of wanting cheap manufactures! What an object to suffer and die for! What an inspiring motive to the soldier on the battle-field! What a glorious purpose on which to trust the vindication of the Great Rebellion to History!

#### "Audacity."

The military policy of the rebel Government has been severely criticised in the rebel Congress at Richmond. Mr. Boyce of South Carolina, and Mr. Foote of Tennessee, particularly, have denounced it as "criminal," and "fatal." The latter indeed has gone so far as to introduce a resolution of censure on Jeff. Davis and all concerned in the conduct of the war, as follows:

"Resolved, That whatever propriety there may have been in the original adoption of what is known as the defensive policy in connection with the prosecution of the pending war for Southern independence, recent events have already demonstrated the expediency of abandoning that policy henceforth and for ever, and that it will be the duty of the Government of the Confederate States to impart all possible activity to our military forces everywhere, and to assail the forces of the enemy wherever they are to be found, whether upon the land or water, with a view to obtaining the most ample indemnity for the past and the most complete security for the future."

This resolution gave rise to a sharp and spirited debate, in which "personal explanations" were demanded and "per-

sonal responsibilities" "here and elsewhere" avowed, quite after the fashion with which we were familiar in Washington, when "Southern chivalry" "ruled the roost" in Washington. But the bluster ended in Richmond just where it used to end in Washington, in the days of the valiant Pryor and Kelt, in smoke!

Mr. Boyce owned himself in favor of "active war," and said the South had made a great mistake in bragging of what it was going to do. In his opinion "we should have talked peace, and used peaceful terms and acted war;" in other words, humbugged the North, lulled its suspicions, and soothed its fears, while whetting the knife for its throat. But as the day for such feline tactics is past, Boyce thinks the next best thing is to "brag higher," make ugly faces, shout loudly, and appal the Yankees by "audacity." "Audacity, AUDACITY, AUDACITY!" he reiterates, *erescendo*, "is the key to success!" Well, we know of no people on earth who have such natural and acquired abilities in the audacity rôle as our rebel friends, particularly those from the Kingdom of South Carolina.

Mr. Boyce's advice has already been followed up. "A great victory!" has been proclaimed in the rebel Congress and the rebel papers. "Gen. Price has defeated the Federalists in Arkansas, killing 700." The fact is, he was badly beaten and driven wildly from the field. But the falsehood will no doubt be audaciously insisted on, and the oozing courage of Davis's Falstaffian army in some degree revived by this piece of mendacious "audacity." We believe, however, that their case is beyond even this unique remedy.

#### Prisoners on Parole.

DURING his brief but brilliant campaign in Western Virginia, before the battle of Bull Run, Gen. McClellan captured nearly 2,000 rebels. Instead of sending them North as hostages for such National troops as might fall into rebel hands, he administered to them the "oath of allegiance," and allowed them to go home. Had they been retained, we should have been able to have reciprocated the treatment which our soldiers, taken at Bull Run, had to undergo in Southern prisons; or, by exchange, saved the lives of many, or have released them all, long ago.

Gen. Burnside seems to have fallen into a similar mistake with Gen. McClellan. The 2,000 odd prisoners taken by him at Roanoke Island have been released on their parole, not to serve again in the rebel army unless regularly exchanged. We have no faith in the word or honor of men who have violated the most sacred obligations that could be imposed on man, and do not believe that the parole of Burnside's prisoners will be a whit more respected than the oath administered to McClellan's. It may not be an easy task to keep the 20,000 or 25,000 prisoners we have lately taken; but it is better to guard them North than to turn them loose again to war on Southern loyalists and against our soldiers in the field.

It is said that the guard over the prisoners captured at Fort Donelson is exceedingly lax, and that the captured Gen. Johnson and all his staff rode out of Fort Donelson, on the second day after its capture, without "let or hindrance." It will take a long while to close the war, if the fruits of victory are allowed to be thrown away in this wise.

#### The Execution of Gordon.

ALTHOUGH the slave trade is declared piracy under our laws, and punishable with death, yet none of those who have been convicted of participation in it have suffered the penalty, except in the single case of Gordon, who was hung in the city prison, pursuant to the sentence of the court, on Friday, Feb. 21st. We shall not dwell on his attempts at suicide, after every appeal for executive intervention had failed, nor on the circumstances, many of them revolting, which attended his execution. It is enough to know that his guilt was as clear as noonday; that he was a professional slave-trader, duly convicted, and duly hung. The fact that others convicted before him had escaped the fate prescribed by law, through mistaken clemency or that equally mistaken sympathy which seeks out the greatest villains and criminals for its objects, was strongly urged in his behalf. "Why should Gordon be hung, while dozens before him had been allowed to escape with a few years in the State Prisons?"

Under ordinary circumstances the sophistry concealed under this argumentative inquiry might have passed current, and the fact had some weight. But present circumstances are not ordinary—they are strangely and fearfully extraordinary. Slavery has attempted to break up the very foundations of our Government, reduce a great nation to impotence, expose it to the contempt and scorn of the world, and to make it, in short, the scoff and football of the effete monarchies and oligarchies of Europe. A just vengeance against this traitor system, in all of its parts, was requisite, not only to circumscribe its power and influence, but to show to the friends of Freedom throughout the world that we are really entitled to their sympathies and support. In this sense, as well as to vindicate a law too long and too shamefully disregarded, was the execution of Gordon necessary. This city has been too long the seat and centre of the foul traffic in slaves; let its sleek and rich participants take warning from the fate of their accomplice.

#### The Blockade.

MR. GREGORY, M. P., and other rebel pensioners in the British Parliament, are "blathering" about our blockade of the Southern ports. Now if this blockade be so inefficient as these noisy abettors of treason pretend, why under Heaven don't they go on with their trade? How is it that cotton is worth six cents a pound in Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans, and six times six cents in Liverpool? Why is it that salt is almost worth its weight in silver, tea \$5 a pound, and that coffee cannot be had at any price, in Dixie? Simply because the blockade is so effective that cotton cannot get out, nor salt and other foreign products get in—"simply this and nothing more!"

We commend to Gregory *et al.* the subjoined paragraph from the address of the President of the Florida Convention, Mr. McGhee, delivered on the 14th of January, and published in the Tallahassee *Floridian* of the 25th of the same month:

"The principal reason which has moved me to call you on this occasion, is the danger that, in my judgment, threatens the finances of the State. \* \* \* The blockade has cut off all intercourse with foreign countries, and for the present has rendered useless and valueless the staples by which our people have heretofore been enabled to raise money; and it has become necessary to raise and use credit as a substitute."

#### Recognition.

THE hopes of the rebellion from foreign recognition and interference have not only been greatly dashed by the successes of the National arms, but will receive further discouragement from the late news from abroad. At a recent reception at the Tuilleries, the Emperor Napoleon openly congratulated Mr. Dayton on the victory achieved by the Union forces at Mill Spring. If that event were cause of congratulation, what shall be said of the achievements of Forts Henry and Donelson, and Roanoke? We have now the text of Earl Russell's reply to the long manifesto of the rebel Commissioners in England, urging a recognition of the rebel Confederacy. It concludes as follows:

"Her Majesty will strictly perform the duties which belong to a neutral. Her Majesty cannot undertake to determine by anticipation what may be the issue of the contest, nor can she acknowledge the independence of the nine States which are now combined against the President and Congress of the United States, until the fortune of arms or the more peaceful mode of negotiation shall have more clearly determined the respective positions of the two belligerents."

On the 7th of February, in the discussion in the House of Lords, on the Queen's speech, the Earl of Derby, the head of the opposition or Tory party, as Earl Russell is of the so-called Liberal party, remarked:

"With reference to the recognition of the Southern States, he was reported to have stated that the time had very nearly arrived when, in his judgment, her Majesty's Government should be called upon to recognize as successful the revolt of the Southern States; what he did say was, that in his judgment the time had not arrived at which her Majesty's Government should be called upon to recognize the independence of the Southern States."

From these hints as to the policy of the only two countries from which the rebels can expect comfort or effective support, they may dismiss as illusory all hopes of recognition or of interference in their behalf, even to the extent of breaking the "inefficient blockade."

#### Bancroft on Morgan.

HON. GEORGE BANCROFT, in his speech at the Cooper Institute, on the 23d, took occasion to remark on Washington's unselfishness and devotion to the public welfare, as contrasted with the mercenary spirit and practices of certain men in our midst who affect to be patriots, but practically rejoice in their country's misfortunes, in so far as these afford them an opportunity for gratifying their greed of gain. We fancy if Mr. George D. Morgan had been present at the Institute, his ears would have tingled and his cheek been suffused with shame at the sound of the applause which greeted the following passage in Mr. Bancroft's oration:

"It is another trait in Washington's character which may particularly interest this opulent city, where enterprise, and skill, and industry are for ever producing and amassing wealth, that while he held the acquisition of fortune by honest ways a proper object of desire, he drew a careful distinction between the pursuits of business and the service of his country. He held that every man must be ready to devote to the good of his country his ability, his wealth and his life; and he never suffered the public service to become to him a source of gain. It is rumored that men among us have known how to obtain from the Government, for a moderate and incidental and essentially irreparable use of little else than their judgment, sums of money which exceed the whole direct tax levied upon one of our smallest States. If this be so, while it implies a shameful want of patriotism in individuals, it implies also a blameworthy want of sagacity in the Executive departments, which must have made selections perversely or blundered. In the name of this city I declare the great body of its people to have a patriotism without blemish or selfishness."

LOYALTY IN THE SOUTH.—Our readers will be gratified to learn from an authentic source of the extent and depth of the Union sentiment in the South. We quote from the official report of Lieut. Phelps, commanding the gunboat Expedition up the Tennessee river, after the fall of Fort Henry:

"We have met with the most gratifying proofs of loyalty everywhere across Tennessee and in the portions of Mississippi and Alabama we visited. Most affecting instances greeted us almost hourly. Men, women and children several times gathered in crowds of hundreds, shouted their welcome, and hailed their National flag with an enthusiasm there was no mistaking; it was genuine and heartfelt. Those people braved everything to go to the river bank, where the sight of their flag might once more be enjoyed, and they have experienced, as they related, every possible form of persecution. Tears flowed freely down the cheeks of men as well as of women, and there were those who had fought under the Stars and Stripes at Moultrie who in this manner testified to their joy. This display of feeling and sense of gladness at our success, and the hopes it created in the breasts of so many people in the heart of the Confederacy, astonished us not a little; and I assure you, sir, I would not have failed to witness it for any consideration. I trust it has given us all a higher sense of the sacred character of our present duties."

LANDER'S MARCH.—The forced march of Gen. Lander on Blooming Gap, in which he accomplished 43 miles in 24 hours, and for which he received the thanks of the Secretary of War, was one of the feats of the present war, and stands with few rivals in military history. The usual march of an army is about 17 miles a day; but in forced marches the distance is often doubled, or is made to reach, under favorable circumstances, 30 miles a day. Napoleon, during his campaign in Italy, made several extraordinary movements; and there are instances on record in which 62 miles have been accomplished in 24 hours. Lander's 43 miles in 24 hours is therefore among the best. His roads, as we know, lay among the mountainous districts of Western Virginia, and were probably heaped with mud or snow, as the season was inclement.

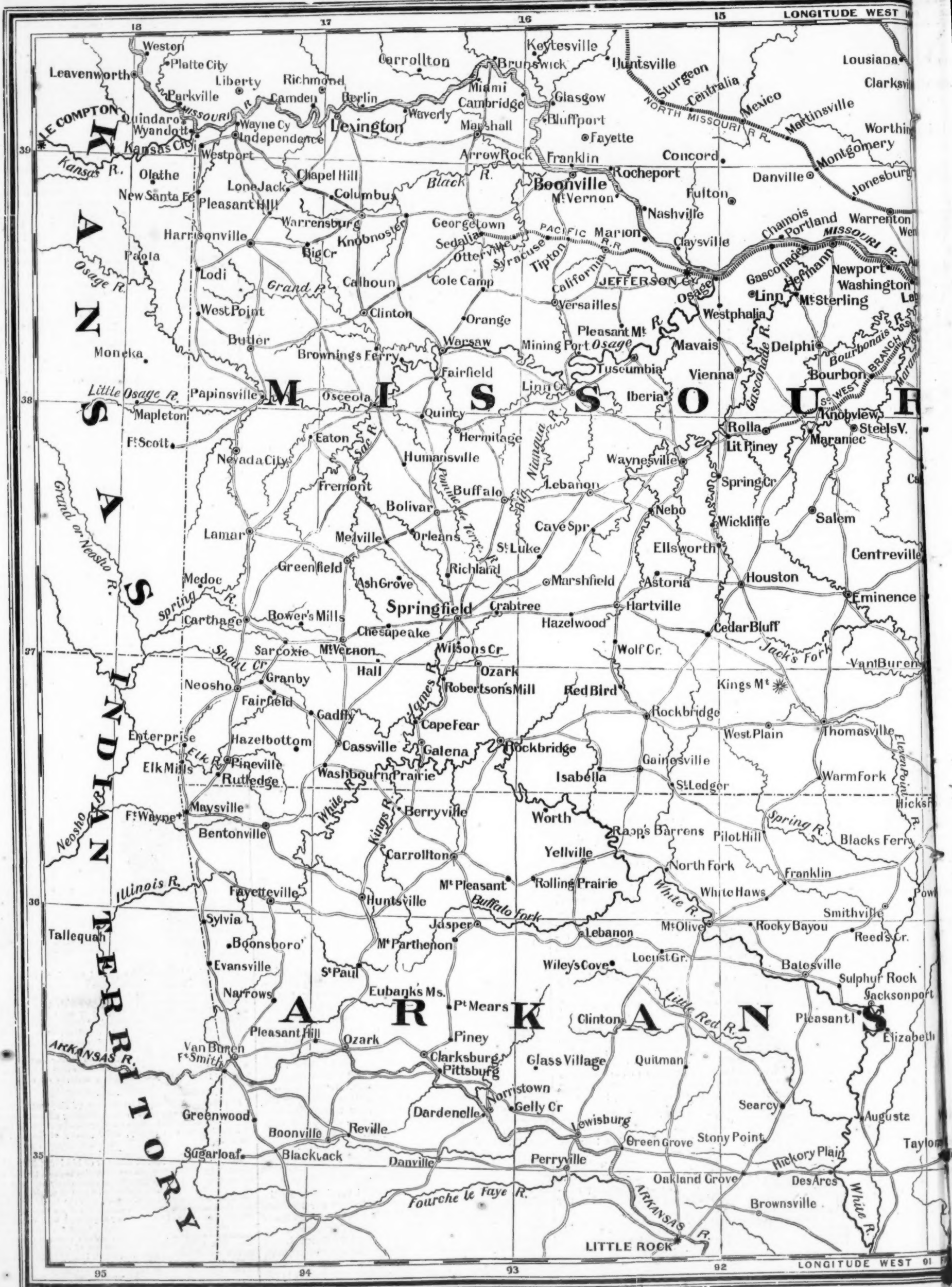
FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The House of Representatives have passed a bill, by a vote of 83 to 42, prohibiting officers in the army and navy of the United States from arresting fugitive slaves for the purpose of returning them to slavery, under penalty of dismissal from the service.

FRANK LESLIE'S March number of his large Monthly opens charmingly. While its pages are filled with the best kind of light literature, they are also interspersed with exceedingly beautiful and useful illustrations. The *Gazette of Fashion*, which is attached to each number of the work, is made up of articles after the ladies' own hearts, and tells them many things about crinoline and dress that they would not otherwise know, and by becoming acquainted with which, they may save in making up their wardrobe many times the amount of a year's subscription to Frank Leslie. His fashion plates are neat in figure, tasteful in design and coloring, and are of themselves worth two or three times the price of a number, which is only 25 cents, or \$3 a year. —*Wilmington, (Del.) Daily Journal.*

THE schoolmaster in Rhode Island is "abroad," or at least absent from some parts of that doughy State, judging from the following superscription on a letter, dated "Newport," as follows:

"Hon. Precedent and Cabinet threw the Perillousness of the Honble, of R. I. At Congress in Washington, D. C."





MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE WEST, INCLUDING SOUTHERN MISSOURI, NORTHERN ARKANSAS, AND WESTERN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE





Tennessee Shore.

Island.

Rebel Boat.

Island.

Kentucky Shore.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—THE APPROACH OF THE U. S. GUNBOATS TO FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.

**MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.**

MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and entered West Point Military Academy, from Ohio, in 1838, where he graduated with honors in 1843, and was attached as brevet 2d Lieutenant at Corpus Christi in September, 1845, and served as such through Mexico, under Gen. Taylor, at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey, and under Gen. Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice promoted for bravery. He was regimental Quartermaster from April 1, 1847, and when he resigned the service on the 31st July, 1854, he was a full Captain in the 4th Infantry of Regulars. After his resignation he settled in St. Louis county, Missouri, and moved from there to Galena, Illinois, in 1860.

Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to Gov. Yates, and was appointed Colonel of the 21st regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and served with his regiment until promoted as Brigadier-General, with commission and rank from the 17th of May, 1861. He was

engaged as Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General in several of the contests in south-eastern Missouri, and his course as commander of the south-east district of Missouri has been thoroughly scrutinized, and among his most praiseworthy acts was the occupation of Paducah, and stoppage of communication and supplies to the rebels, via the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The manner in which he conducted the battle of Belmont is still fresh in our reader's minds. The rest of his course as commander there is too well known to be repeated here, and certain it is that his action, in every instance, has been applauded both by his superior officers and the people. After the capture of Fort Henry a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and Gen. Grant assigned by Gen. Halleck to its command. He was senior in command at the capture of Fort Donelson, and for his services in that brilliant achievement, was nominated Major-General by the President and promptly confirmed by the Senate. A new department was at once created for him, that of Western Tennessee, with his headquarters at Fort Donelson. To him mainly attaches the honor of the first great victory of the war.

**MAJOR E. A. KIMBALL, OF THE NINTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.**

EDGAR ADDISON KIMBALL, who, with Lieutenant-Colonel de Montell, led the decisive charge of Hawkins's Zouaves at Roanoke Island, and drove the enemy out of Fort Defiance, was born in Pembroke, New Hampshire, in 1824, and was educated at the academy of that town. At an early age he went to Concord, and apprenticed himself to a printer, the profession to which we owe so many of our ablest statesmen and bravest soldiers. Having mastered his trade he settled at Woodstock, Vermont, as publisher and editor of the *Woodstock Age*, a paper which he conducted with much ability as a Democratic organ. From this dream of peace he was roused by the Mexican War, when he at once threw down the pen and took up the sword—for although a great novelist has said the pen is mightier than the sword, it frequently happens that it requires the sword to put mankind into a proper frame of mind to listen to reason. Such was Mr. Kimball's popularity that, despite his youth, he soon raised a company



MAJ. E. A. KIMBALL, LEADER OF THE SUCCESSFUL BAYONET CHARGE OF THE HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES ON FORT DEFIANCE, ROANOKE ISLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.

MAJOR-GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT, COMMANDING THE U. S. TROOPS AT THE CAPTURE OF FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON.



for Colonel Ransom's New England or Ninth United States regiment. He was made Captain in this regiment on the 8th of March, 1847, and immediately proceeded to the seat of war. He was breveted Major for his gallant conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, on the 20th of August, 1848, and particularly distinguished himself in the battle of Chapultepec. On the 26th of August, 1848, the Ninth Regiment was disbanded, and Major Kimball returned to enjoy his well-earned honors "in the bosom of peace."

The *Evening Post*, in a short biography of the gallant Major, thus alludes to one special act of his in Mexico: "Those who know Major Kimball need not be told how brave and undaunted a man he is when the music is the roar of the battle. It was he who, as Captain of the Vermont company, in a former Ninth Infantry (the Ninth United States or New England Regiment during the Mexican war) ascended the summit of Chapultepec with Colonel Seymour, of Connecticut, and with him struck down the Mexican flag that floated there, and planted the Stars and Stripes in its place. It was a splendid act, and won the admiration of the gallant soldiers who saw it, as it did the applause of the country when it heard of it."

When Mr. Pierce became President, Major Kimball received his old General's mark of appreciation for his gallantry in Mexico, by an office in the Custom House, the duties of which he fulfilled with such fidelity and efficiency that he was continued in it during the term of Mr. Buchanan's Presidency. Upon the breaking out of the present rebellion, Major Kimball again offered his sword to his country, and was attached to the Ninth New York Volunteers, a regiment raised by Colonel Rush C. Hawkins, with whom Major Kimball had contracted an intimate friendship in Mexico, where Col. Hawkins had also distinguished himself. We need not dwell upon the gallantry and good conduct of this regiment, the efficiency of which is greatly owing to the exertions of these two officers. In our paper of last week we illustrated its first achievement, which is thus described by the Correspondent of the *Boston Post*, who was a spectator of the event: "One of the most brilliant charges during the war was that of Major Kimball, at the head of a small detachment of the New York Ninth, in the hottest of the fight at Roanoke Island. From the account it would seem to have been the most daring onset in that action, so fearfully crowded as it is with daring and splendid deeds. It is regarded by one writer as the turning-point of the action. While the Massachusetts Twenty-first and Fifty-first New York charged the battery to the right, the left wing of the New York Ninth (Hawkins's Zouaves), with Major Kimball, charged up the road in face of the works, at which the panic-stricken rebels fled, and the place was taken, the Massachusetts and New York colors floating from the parapet, amid cheers that shook the forest."

#### "Personal Liberty."

EFF DAVIS has issued a proclamation for a day of "humiliation, prayer and thanksgiving to God," for having conducted the rebel Confederacy safely through the first year of its existence. Among other things he congratulates his people that "Law has everywhere reigned supreme, and throughout our wide-spread limits personal liberty and private right have been duly honored." Leaving out of sight the fact that the rebel States exist only through the subversion of all law, we cannot refrain from copying a paragraph from the *Richmond Enquirer* of the same date with the proclamation, as showing the way "personal liberty and private rights are honored" in Davis's land. After announcing that, by order of the Secretary of War, the National prisoners are to be given up, the *Enquirer* adds:

"There are confined in the prisons of this city about 200 Union men, chiefly from Western Virginia, whose detention will not, of course, be affected by the order of the Secretary of War."

Are these 200 Union men the witnesses whom Mr. Davis would cite in evidence of the "honor" paid to "personal liberty and private rights" in the "Confederate States"? And, apart from all considerations of relative political rights, how does this fact compare with the amnesty just proclaimed by President Lincoln to the great mass of the prisoners of State held in Forts Lafayette and Warren?

THANKS.—Hon. Roscoe Conkling, of New York, has introduced the following resolution into the House of Representatives, which has been referred to the Committee on Military Affairs:

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, That the thanks of Congress are hereby presented to Major-General Halleck and Grant for planning the recent movements within their respective divisions; and to both these Generals, as well as the officers and men under their command, for achieving the glorious victories in which these movements resulted."

EARN YOUR SPURS!—The Senate has said practically to all the nominated expectants for Generalships, "Go, win your spurs!" In other words, a broad line of distinction has been drawn between officers who lounge around the hotels or dawdle in drawing-rooms, and those who devote their attention to the improvement of their commands, or in active duty in the field. Whenever there comes up the nomination of one against whom and in whose favor there is nothing particularly to be said, by common consent it is passed over to await the future conduct of the candidate, and let him prove his merits by his deeds.

OF all the watchwords of the war, there are none other so good as the following from Gen. Grant's reply to Buckner's request for a negotiation of terms of surrender:

"I will accept no terms but unconditional, immediate surrender; I propose to move immediately upon your works."

THE SECOND IOWA REGIMENT.—The following is a copy of the dispatch sent by Gen. Halleck to the Adjutant-General of the State of Iowa:

"ST. LOUIS, Feb. 10, 1862.  
"ADJUTANT N. B. BAKER.—The 2d Iowa Infantry proved themselves the bravest of the brave. They had the honor of leading the column which entered Fort Donelson."  
"H. W. HALLECK, Major-General."

THE annual "hop" for which the Metropolitan Hotel has been famous during its existence, took place on the evening of Feb. 27th. At least 500 ladies and gentlemen, guests of the hotel, and their friends, participated in the enjoyments of the occasion. The National flag decorated the room, and from beneath its folds Dodsworth's band discoursed the music. Last year the hop was suspended owing to the gloom which overhung the nation, caused by the breaking out of the rebellion; but the recent victories of our army and navy have given to the people a buoyancy of spirits which demanded the revival of the "hop," in order to give opportunity to the guests of the Metropolitan to make a wholesome social expression of their gratitude.

REBEL FLAGS.—It was proposed to present the rebel flags lately captured at Forts Henry and Donelson and Roanoke Island to Congress, on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, Feb. 22d, but the House by a decisive vote declined to receive them. To have received them as trophies would have been a practical acknowledgment of the Confederacy as an equal belligerent. On the other hand, if not received as the trophies of parties on equal terms in war, to take any formal notice of them would be simply to lower ourselves, by allowing to them factitious dignity and importance.

THE *American Agriculturist* for February contains the

offer of \$100 premium for the best five specimens of cotton grown this year above latitudes 38 and 42 deg. North.

GEN. DIX and Edwards Pierrepont, of this city, have been appointed Commissioners to examine into the cases of the prisoners now remaining in the different prisons, and to determine whether they shall be discharged, remain in military custody, or be remitted to the civil tribunals for trial.

EARL RUSSELL, in one of his dispatches, states that "in proof of the riches of the South," and its consequent ability to sustain itself, the rebel Commissioners had represented to him that of the total exports of the United States, amounting to \$350,000,000, all except \$80,000,000 were furnished by the Southern States. Now the Treasury Reports for the last year show that our exports for the year have been \$248,000,000, to which should be added \$33,000,000 of specie retained in the country, in consequence of the war. The Southern ports have been closed, so that whatever has gone abroad has been from the North—exceeding fourfold the amount stated by the rebel agents. So much for rebel figures.

It is rather a curious coincidence that Capt. Dixon, the engineer who constructed the rebel defenses at Fort Donelson, was killed in one of his own batteries; and that Lieut. Selden, who built the works on Roanoke Island, was also killed within them.

"MISCREANTS."—This is the term which Mr. Everett applies, in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to the men professing respectability in society, position in business, and Christianity in morals, who have made the nation's pain their profit, and its exigencies their opportunities, who have robbed the people directly, or disguised their thefts under the euphemism of "commissions." As observed by the *Boston Transcript*:

"No house in the most fashionable portion of Chestnut street or the Fifth avenue, no blooming family of sons and daughters, growing up with all the advantages of station and education, no power of giving delicious dinners to distinguished guests, no wealth of silks and pearls and diamonds lavished on the persons of vain and ambitious wives, can compensate for such a horrible war, branded on the brows of fathers and husbands, by a crime so serene, so unpassioned and so thoroughly 'congratulatory' as Mr. Everett. They find it very hard to be 'respectable,' and at the same time to be known as 'miscreants.'"

HISTORY OF THE WAR.—A very valuable and attractive work will be found in *Leslie's Pictorial History of the War*, whereof the editor is Mr. E. G. Squier. It is of folio size, printed upon excellent paper, and liberally and ably illustrated. In addition to its portraits of the leading men and events of the rebellion, it contains very good maps of those portions of the country where interest chiefly centres. In addition to all these recommendations, the price is as small proportionally as the sheet is large, and the question that suggests itself in every mind is, "How can so much matter be afforded for so little money?" Without puzzling themselves to solve the problem, let the world of readers conclude that Mr. Leslie is charitably disposed, and merely publishes this work for the public good—willingly encountering an immense pecuniary loss to himself. There are some questions the world should neither undertake to ask nor to answer. In this case it would be well for them to connive their researches to finding the money to subscribe with.—*New York Daily Times*.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—The March number of *Frank Leslie's Monthly Magazine* is, as usual, filled with a larger amount of interesting literary matter than is contained in any other monthly on our exchange list. The stories are not only numerous, but of a character at once pleasing and instructive. In addition to the literary content is the *Gazette of Fashion*, containing a large number of patterns of useful and ornamental articles readily made by female hands. We don't see how any lady can do without it, especially as it costs but 25 cents.—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Times*.

#### DOMESTIC NEWS.

THE number of alien passengers landed at the port of New York during the year 1861, was 65,529, which was a decrease from 1860 of 39,223, and 118,244 less than in 1857. Of these immigrants 27,139 were from Germany, 25,784 from Ireland, 5,632 from England, and 6,974 from other countries. The number of alien passengers that have arrived at New York since the year 1845 is 2,737,418.

THE *Chicago Journal* had one reporter killed outright, and another had his leg shot off at the capture of Fort Henry. A third escaped unhurt.

THE House of Representatives has passed the bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to establish a uniform money order system at all Post Offices deemed suitable therefor. For orders of \$1 to \$10 a commission of five cents will be charged; from \$10 to \$20, ten cents; and for every additional \$10, five cents. The Postmaster-General is also authorized to permit additional articles to be sent by mail at present rates of book postage. He said that, under the present law, roots, cuttings and seeds could be sent by mail at one cent per ounce, but stockings for the soldier, flags, and many other things could only go at letter postage rates.

THE Secretary of War has issued an order announcing: 1. That from and after February 27 the President will take military possession of all telegraphic lines; 2. All telegrams relating to military operations, excepting those from the Department and the Generals commanding, are prohibited transmission; 3. Journals publishing military news, unauthorized, are to be punished; 4. Appoints a military supervisor of messages, and a military superintendent of telegraph offices; 5. This order is not to interfere with the ordinary operations of the telegraph companies.

COL. KEIRIGAN, who, it is said, organized a band of armed men in this city, just previous to the breaking out of the war, and who subsequently led a regiment to Washington, where he was arrested some time since, under a charge of treason, inefficiency, etc., and tried by court martial, has been acquitted of the first charge, but convicted of inefficiency, and of conduct unbecoming an officer in the gross neglect of his military duty, as manifested in the disorganized and disgraceful condition of his regiment. He was adjudged to be dismissed the service, and Gen. McClellan has approved the sentence, and orders him to be dismissed the service.

THE number of regular army officers now serving in the volunteer force is 121. Of these one holds the rank of Major-General of Volunteers; 50 have the rank of Brigadier-Generals; 57 are Colonels; 7 Lieutenant-Colonels; and 6 Majors. All these officers, with the exception of 23, are graduates of West Point. The total number of general officers of volunteers is 112, namely, 6 Major-Generals, two of whom are West Pointers, and 106 Brigadier-Generals, 73 of whom are West Pointers.

THE entire fleet of Mississippi river mortar boats, 38 in all, is now completed: 17 were in complete trim on Feb. 20th, and Capt. Constable expressed himself confident of his ability to shell out every rebel fortification on the Mississippi, above New Orleans, by their aid alone.

THE Post Office Department is rapidly following up the operations of the army by the re-establishment of post offices and post routes. Post offices have been reopened in various parts of Tennessee. Numerous applications have already been made for the appointment of a postmaster in Nashville.

THE adjustment of the returns from all the post offices in the United States has just been completed. It appears that the receipts for postage on letters for the last quarter were only \$12,000 less than for the corresponding quarter last year.

ALLEGED to the *Boston Journal* says: "The Secession stock has of late fallen below par in Havana, owing in a measure to the fears of the Cubans of losing the market which the North affords for cigars. They would like to keep up a contraband trade with the blockaded ports, but are warned from doing so by the effect which their encouragement of the rebellion has already produced in the North."

THE rebel Provisional Congress, in the last week of December, made the following appropriations for the year ending on the 1st of the present month:

War Department	\$67,363,706
Navy Department	4,275,000
Interest on public debt	390,000
Executive Department	157,582
Legislative	72,000
Judiciary	44,000
Miscellaneous	25,000
Total	\$69,827,288

"THE captured forts" on Roanoke Island have not yet been formally christened, but their new names will be probably as follows: Fort Huger to be called Fort Reno; Fort Blanchard to be called Fort Burke; Fort Bartow to be called Fort Foster; Fort DeLancey to be called Battery Russell, in honor of the lamented Russell, who lost his life at its storming.

SENATOR WILSON has introduced a bill in the Senate, extending the aid of the Federal Government to the States of Maryland and Delaware for the abolition of slavery. The proposition contemplates a plan similar to that now pending for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and proposes to reimburse the owners of slaves their value, according to a certain scale.

A BILL has been prepared by the Committee on Territories, and will be reported by their Chairman, Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, providing for temporary civil governments, under the protection of our military and naval forces, in the States now in rebellion. The geographical boundaries of these Territories are to be fixed by the President, and they shall remain under a Territorial government until such time as the loyal people residing therein shall form new State Governments, republican in form, as proscribed by the Constitution of the United States, and apply for admission, when they may be admitted, with the express stipulation that they shall remain for ever a part of the American Union.

#### WAR NEWS.

##### The Capture of Fort Henry, now Fort Foote.

THE following is the "General Order" issued by Com. Foote to the officers and men of the gunboat flotilla, after the capture of Fort Henry, dated Feb. 10th, 1862:

"The officers and crew of that portion of the gunboat flotilla which were engaged in the capture of Fort Henry on the 6th inst., already have had their brilliant services and gallant conduct favorably noticed by the Commanding-General of the Western army and by the Secretary of the Navy, conveying the assurance that the President of the United States, the Congress and the country appreciate their gallant deeds, and proffer to them the profound thanks of the Navy department for the services rendered."

"In conveying these pleasing tidings that our services are acknowledged by the highest authorities of the Government, you will permit me to add, that in observing the good order, coolness, courage and efficiency of officers and men, in the memorable action between the gunboats and the fort, that I shall ever cherish with the liveliest interest all the officers and men who participated in the battle, and in the future shall, with increased hope and the greatest confidence, depend upon all officers and men attached to the flotilla, in the performance of every duty, whether in the light or the laborious work of its preparation."

"A. H. FOOTE, Flag-Officer Commanding."

It will be remembered that Com. Foote turned over Fort Henry to the land forces under Gen. McClellan, as soon as the latter came up, half an hour after the capture. Gen. McClellan changed the name of the fort, in compliment to its captor, to "Fort Foote." His letter to the Commodore, announcing the change, is as follows:

"DEAR SIR.—As an acknowledgment of the consummate skill with which you brought your gunboats into action yesterday, and of the address and bravery displayed by yourself and your command, I have taken the liberty of giving the late Fort Henry the new and more appropriate name of 'Fort Foote.' Please pardon the liberty I have taken without first securing your concurrence, as I am hardly disposed to do, considering the liberty which you took in capturing the fort yesterday without my co-operation."

##### Another Expedition up the Tennessee River.

It will be remembered that Com. Foote, immediately after the fall of Fort Henry, sent a gunboat expedition under Lieut. Phelps, up the Tennessee river, as far as Florence in Alabama. Lieut. Phelps found all along the river the strongest evidences of loyalty and love for the "old flag." Com. Foote has since sent another expedition up the river, under Lieut. Gwyn, with corresponding results, as appears from his telegraphic dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy:

CAIRO, Feb. 24, 1862.

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

Lieut. Commanding Gwyn, with the gunboat Taylor, has just arrived from Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama, and reports the Union sentiment in South Tennessee and North Alabama to be very strong. I shall send him back to-day, and will call for a regiment at Fort Henry to accompany the gunboat, which will aid the loyal people of those States to raise Union forces within their borders."

A. S. FOOTE, Flag-Officer Commanding.

##### Discomfiture of the Rebels in Arkansas—Capture of Fayetteville.

AFTER his defeat at Sugar Creek, Ark., Gen. Price fell back to a strong position called Cross Hollow. We have now the information that he has been forced again to retire. Gen. Halleck on the 25th telegraphed from St. Louis as follows:

"Gen. Price's army has been driven from his stronghold at Cross Hollow. The enemy left his sick and wounded, and such stores as he could not destroy. He burned his extensive barracks at that place to prevent our troops occupying them. Gen. Curtis says most of our provisions for the last 10 days have been taken from the enemy." Later advice informs us that Gen. Grant is still driving Price and McClellan before him in Arkansas. They have fled beyond the Boston Mountains in great confusion, and their last stronghold, Fayetteville, is in possession of the Union forces. The intelligence is conveyed in the following dispatch from Gen. Halleck:

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 27.

"Gen. Curtis has taken possession of Fayetteville, Ark., capturing a number of prisoners, stores, baggage, &c. The enemy burned part of the town before leaving. They have crossed Boston Mountains in great confusion."

"We are now in possession of all their strongholds: 42 officers and men of the 5th Missouri Cavalry were poisoned at Mudtown by eating poisoned food which the rebels left behind them." "The gallant Capt. Dolfert died, and Lieut.-Col. Von Deutch and Capt. Schenck have suffered much, but are recovering. The indignation of our soldiers is very great, but they have been restrained from retaliating upon the prisoners of war."

"H. W. HALLECK, Major-General."

##### Bugle Notes!

GEN. McCLELLAN has issued a stirring order of the day to the victorious troops under his command, concluding as follows:

"The death-knell of rebellion has sounded, an army has been annihilated, and the way to Nashville and Memphis is opened. This momentous fact should, as it will, encourage you to persevere in the path of glory. It must alleviate your distress for your brave comrades who have fallen or been wounded. It will mitigate the grief of bereaved wives and mourning parents and kindred. It will be your claim to a place in the affections of your countrymen, and upon a blazoned page of history."

##### The Rebels Swept Out of Missouri!

THE *St. Louis Republican* of Feb. 22d says: "There are no armed rebel bands from the Nisnebotte to the St. Francois—from the Des Moines to the Neosho—and the last military vestige of insurrection has been swept away. The hope of wresting Missouri from the Union—always a slender and frail hope—has been abandoned in the breasts of the warmest and most ardent Secessionists. It is seen that it is useless to continue the war within our borders, and humanity dictates that an end should be put to any further bloody and devouring effort to carry it on. The loyalty of Missouri is fixed and immovable, and it is the duty of all her citizens to cheerfully acquiesce, since opposition is fruitless."

##### Capture of a British Steamer.

THE British steamer Shannon was recently captured off the mouth of the Rio Grande river, in the Gulf of Mexico, by the sloop-of-war Portsmouth. She had about half a cargo of cotton on board, and had previously landed a cargo of blankets and ordnance stores at Matamoros. The British captain is a prisoner on the steamer Portsmouth, and the steamer will soon be sent North for adjudication. It is claimed that the vessel was in Mexican waters, and her cargo will not be touched until the case is settled."

##### Occupation of Bowling Green.

Subjoined is the General Order of Gen. Mitchell, congratulating his troops on the occupation of the rebel stronghold of Bowling Green, and recounting the circumstances attending their march and occupation of the place:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,  
CAMP JOHN Q. ADAMS,  
BOWLING GREEN, Feb. 19, 1862.

Soldiers of the Third Division—You have executed a march of 40 miles in 24 hours. The fallen timber and other obstructions opposed by the enemy to your movements, have been swept from your path. The fire of your artillery and the bursting of your shells announced your arrival. Surprised and ignorant of the force that had thus precipitated itself upon them, they fled in consternation.

In the night time, over a frozen, rocky, precipitous pathway, down rude steps for 50 feet, you have passed the advance guard, cavalry and infantry, and before the dawn of day you have entered in triumph a position of extraordinary natural strength, and by your enemy proudly denominated the Gibraltar of Kentucky.



With your own hands, through deep mud, in drenching rains, and up rocky pathways next to impassable, and across a footpath of your own construction, built upon the ruins of the railway bridge destroyed for their protection by a retreating and panic-stricken foe, you have transported upon your own shoulders your baggage and camp equipment.

The General commanding the department, on receiving my report announcing these facts, requests me to make to the officers and soldiers under my command the following communication:

"Soldiers who by resolution and energy overcome great natural difficulties have nothing to fear in battle, where their energy and prowess are taxed to a far less extent. Your command have exhibited the high qualities of resolution and energy, in a degree which leave no limit to my confidence in them in their future movements."

"By order of"

"Brigadier-General BUELL,  
Commanding Department of the Ohio."

Soldiers! I feel a perfect confidence that the high estimate placed upon your power, endurance, energy and heroism is just. Your aim and mine has been to deserve the approbation of our commanding officer, and of our Government and our country.

I trust you feel precisely as does your commanding General, that nothing is done while anything remains to be done.

By order of  
Brigadier-General O. M. MITCHELL,  
Commanding.

#### Occupation of Cumberland Gap.

The Paris (Ky.) *Citizen* says intelligence has reached that place, through an officer of the army, "that the National forces took possession of Cumberland Gap, without meeting with the least resistance, and that the 7th Kentucky regiment and 16th Ohio are at the Gap, while the two Tennessee regiments have passed into Tennessee." The Louisville *Journal* has advice to the 17th from Gen. Carter's camp at Flat Rock Ford, a few miles this side of the Cumberland Ford, and at that time no serious opposition was anticipated to our advance.

#### SOUTHERN NEWS.

THE Memphis *Argus*, reviewing the conduct of the Confederate Government, says: "We spoke and speak of the ill-conducting of this war, which has now taken from our home some 300,000 or 400,000 of our best and bravest, which has paralyzed all business, save that which puts the money we can so illy spare into the pockets of the croakers of said President and Cabinet. Of this war we spoke when we said so much might have been done in it that has been left undone. Those at the head of affairs were leaders to the war. We ask how they are leading through it?"

THE National gunboats, but particularly the iron-plated steamers of Com. Foote's Mississippi flotilla, have inspired the rebels with profound alarm. Says the Richmond *Examiner*: "From the valiant Senator down to the timid seamstress, the question on every tongue in Richmond is, whether the enemy are likely to penetrate with their gunboats to this quarter?"

THE Charleston (S. C.) *Courier* says: "A letter from Savannah of the 15th inst., reports the evacuation of Brunswick, Ga. Residents everywhere along the coast should prepare for the timely removal of all valuables."

THE Richmond *Whig*, of Feb. 21st, has a bitter article on the Davis Administration. It says: "Judging by results so far, it is the most lamentable failure in history, and suggests to the reflecting mind that the most signal service which that Government can now render to the country is the surrender of the helm to able and better hands. In view of the past, the present and probable future, the payment to-morrow (i. e. the inauguration of Jeff. Davis) is a bitter mockery, and a miserable compensation for the ruin of a free people. A child with a huckleberry—an old man with a young wife, are partial illustrations of the deplorable folly."

THE Richmond papers are restive under the want of sympathy for the rebellion manifested by the foreign residents. The *Examiner* says: "The disaffection of a large portion of the foreign population in Richmond, which has been developed by their stubborn resistance of the military draft now in progress, is of itself sufficient to excite the vigilance of our citizens, and to put them on their guard with respect to particular classes of foreigners in our midst. We are not in the habit of reporting information without satisfactory assurances of its correctness. We have in our possession some curious information, which is from a source not only highly patriotic, but to which implicit credit is due, respecting the movements and suspicious speeches of a number of the foreign population of this city. We are not entirely at liberty, nor do we deem it prudent, to detail the facts which have been communicated to us; but we may assure the public that vigilance is to be the price of their safety from enemies in their midst."

It would appear from the following paragraph in the Richmond *Examiner*, of Feb. 21st, that a strong Union sentiment exists among the working men of that city. It says: "We announced in our yesterday's issue that 40 of the employees in the Government workshops had on Tuesday last refused to take the oath of allegiance, and we should have published their names but for a positive order to the contrary, given by Gen. Winder to the gentleman at the artillery works who has the list of the recusants in possession."

THE efficiency of the blockade and the low state of the mechanic arts in the rebel States is proved by the following advertisement in the Richmond *Enquirer*:

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,  
"POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
"FINANCE BUREAU, RICHMOND, Feb. 18, 1862.  
"For want of the colors heretofore used in the manufacture of Confederate States postage stamps, hereafter the five-cent stamps issued will be blue, and the ten-cent stamps red."  
"JOHN L. HARRELL,  
"Chief of Finance Bureau."

#### PERSONAL.

WILLIE WALLACE LINCOLN, the young son of the President, who died a few days ago, was a remarkably fine boy for one of his years, and his tutor is fond of telling stories of his aptitude in mastering the studies which he was pursuing. His memory was so wonderfully retentive, that he had only to con over once or twice a page of his spelling and declaimer, and the impression became so fixed that he went through his recitations without hesitation or blundering. Little Willie was a constant attendant at the Sabbath school, and always manifested a deep interest in the instruction and counsel there imparted to him.

MRS. JENKINS, a resident of Deerfield, N. H., is 103 years old. She is still active, makes her own bed and knits stockings. Last autumn she attended a military muster, was received with all the honor due to the rank of a Major-General, reviewed a regiment, and was escorted to the field and home by a cavalry company commanded by Capt. King.

AMONG the rebel officers captured at Fort Henry is a young man named Geo. R. G. Jones, who commanded an artillery company. He is a renegade Northerner, resident of Dubuque, Iowa, and a son of Hon. Geo. W. Jones, late Minister to New Granada, and now a prisoner at Fort Lafayette.

GOV. MORTON, of Indiana, has appointed Hon. Joseph A. Wright, U. S. Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the expulsion of Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright has been Representative in Congress, Governor of Indiana, and Minister to Prussia.

CHARLES DICKENS, on the 7th of the present month, completed his 50th year, having been born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812.

GEN. SCOTT, it is stated, has been nominated as Minister Extraordinary to Mexico, with functions such as he exercised in the pacification of the North-eastern Boundary question. Accompanying this nomination, it is added, the project of a treaty, of which the principal feature is the assumption of the Mexican debt due to England, France and Spain. The interest on this amounts to three millions a year. The treaty guarantees our payment of it for five years.

MRS. HANNAH WRIGHT, of Troy, is 97 years of age, and has already knit 13 pair of stockings for the soldiers. She still keeps herself engaged in this patriotic work.

COL. ANNISCANSEL, whom Gen. Lander reported to the War Department for cowardice in the skirmish at Blooming Gap, has been deprived of his sword and commission.

#### OBITUARY.

PROF. CORNELIUS C. FELTON, President of Harvard College, died on the 20th of February, at Chester, Pa. In his death American literature has sustained the loss of one of its brightest ornaments. President Felton was not only the most accomplished Greek scholar in the country, but possessed an intimate acquaintance with the polite literature and principal works of genius of modern Europe. He was a most genial gentleman as well as a ripe scholar, and an elegant, affable and vigorous writer on various subjects out of the department of letters which he especially cultivated. He for a long time filled, with great distinction, the office of Greek Professor in Harvard College, and

on the resignation of Dr. Walker, a year ago last summer, he was elected President of that most venerable and best endowed of all our American institutions of learning. He was born at West Newbury, Mass., Nov. 6, 1807; graduated at Harvard in 1827, and soon took charge of the Livingston High School in Genesee, N. Y. In 1829 he was appointed Latin tutor in Harvard College, Greek tutor in the following year, and College Professor of Greek in 1832. In 1834 he was appointed Eliot Professor of Greek literature, the duties of which place he continued to discharge until he was elected President of the College, on the retirement of President Walker. He edited editions of many of the classics, and besides publishing numerous essays and biographical memoirs, in 1850 he translated from the French the work of Professor Guyot on physical geography, called the "Earth and Man." As a man and a scholar he had few equals and no superiors in America.

#### Congressional Summary.

MONDAY, Feb. 24.—In the Senate, after the presentation of petitions, a memorial from the shipowners of New York, asking for the prohibition of the exportation of ship timber, was presented by Mr. King. The joint resolution, providing for the payment of certain railroads in Missouri for the transportation of troops was debated at considerable length.

In the House, Mr. Roscoe Conkling, of New York, offered a joint resolution presenting the thanks of Congress to Gen. Halleck and Grant for planning the recent movements within their respective divisions, and to them and to their officers and men for achieving the glorious victories in which these movements resulted. Mr. Conkling asked that the resolution lie over for the present. Mr. Cox, of Ohio, in order that no mistake should be made by giving credit where credit was not due, moved that the subject be referred to the Military Committee. The resolution, after considerable debate, finally took that direction. The Post Office Appropriation bill was then passed, and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation bill. Mr. Shellabarger, of Ohio, made a speech in favor of the emancipation of the slaves.

TUESDAY, Feb. 25.—In the Senate, after some debate upon the Treasury Note bill, which was referred to the Conference Committee, a petition was presented, asking that J. C. Fremont be appointed Lieutenant-General. A resolution was passed, asking the Secretary of War whether any steps had been taken toward the construction of any railroad by the War Department, and the authority for it. The bill for the confiscation of the property of rebels was considered, the special order—the case of Mr. Starke, of Oregon—being postponed to make room for it. Mr. Trumbull addressed the Senate in favor of its passage.

In the House, the Senate bill to reduce the number of cavalry regiments was passed, after some debate, limiting the number to 50 instead of 40 regiments. A resolution was passed instructing the Committee on Claims to inquire into the propriety of indemnifying certain Union men in Kentucky for losses caused by the rebels. A bill directing Collectors of Ports to cause ship captains to take the oath of allegiance was passed. A bill to establish an additional article of war, for the government of officers of the army, was reported from the Military Committee by Mr. Blair, of Missouri, and occasioned a long and warm debate. It prohibits all officers from employing any of the forces under their command to retain fugitive slaves, under penalty of dismissal from the service. The bill was finally passed, after considerable filibustering on the part of its opponents, 83 to 42.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 26.—In the Senate, the bill for the occupation and cultivation of cotton lands was debated until the expiration of the morning hour, after which the bill fixing the number of Representatives was passed, after the addition of an amendment limiting the number to 34. The case of Mr. Starke, of Oregon, then occupied attention until the adjournment.

In the House, Mr. Voorhies, of Indiana, asked leave to offer a resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Gen. Halleck, but Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, objected, and it was laid over. Mr. Van Wyck, of New York, announced his desire to withdraw from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Contracts and the Committee on Revolutionary Claims. The Chairman ruled that the question of withdrawal was one for the Committees to determine.

THURSDAY, Feb. 27.—In the Senate, after some unimportant business, it was voted to allow Mr. Starke, Senator for Oregon, by 26 to 19.

In the House, the Secretary of War was called upon to furnish the report and correspondence of the Commission lately sitting at St. Louis.

FRIDAY, Feb. 28.—In the Senate, the important time of the House was chiefly occupied by that eternal Mr. Starke, who offered a resolution to refer the papers to the Judiciary Committee. He took this opportunity of assuring the Senate of his loyalty.

In the House, the bill providing for receiving engineers into the volunteer service of the United States was debated, and rejected by 66 to 57. The bill granting bounties to actual settlers, and providing bounties for soldiers in lieu of lands, was then passed by 106 to 16. The House then adjourned to Monday.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

##### AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

This fine monthly periodical for March, being No. 3 of Vol. 21, is one of the best ever issued. It contains 24 quarto pages, a variety of engravings, and 150 separate articles for the farm, garden and household. No better periodical of the kind exists in any country. Price \$1 a year.

THE WARDEN. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This enterprising firm is publishing some of the latest English novels on excellent paper, and in good readable type—two qualifications too frequently neglected in these days of excessive cheapness. Mr. Anthony Trollope is one of the best of our young novelists, and manages to create in the readers' mind sufficient interest to carry them through to the closing page, without descending to that sensational "blood and thunder" which stimulates rather than refreshes the jaded mind.

CASTLE WAFER; OR, THE PLAIN GOLD RING. By MRS. ELLEN WOOD, Author of "East Lynn; or, the Earl's Daughter," etc., etc. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

"East Lynn" is a charming book, finished in style, correct in principle, and full of sweet, natural, domestic feeling. "Castle Wafer," by the same author, must, in composition, surely have preceded "East Lynn," being very inferior to that book in every respect, disgraced by colloquialisms, and presenting only a school-girl interest, indicating less maturity of mind, heart and taste. Yet we can safely recommend it to the lovers of narrative as a pleasant book wherewith to amuse a leisure hour.

#### MISCELLANIES.

"HENRIETTA," said a landlord to his new girl, "when there's bad news from Washington, or any bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange, Henrietta, but such little things make a great difference in eating in the course of a year."

##### THE GIRL I LOVED.

Has she married a Hidalgo?  
Gone the way that ladies all go  
In those drowsy Spanish cities,  
Wasting life—a thousand pities—  
Waking up for a fiesta  
From an afternoon siesta,  
To "Giraldos" now repining  
For a Plaza for an airing;  
At the shaded *reja* flirting,  
At a bull-fight now disporting;  
Does she walk at evenings ever  
Through the gardens by the river?  
Guarded by an old duenna  
Fierce and sharp as a hyena,  
With her goggles and her fan  
Warning off each rakish man?  
Is she dead or is she living,  
Is she for my absence grieving?  
Is she wretched, is she happy?  
Widow, wife or maid? *Quien sabe?*

JOIR DES MORTS.—On the 1st of November, the *Jour des Morts*, it is said, in accordance with the pious custom of the day, 20,000 people visited the three great cemeteries which receive the dead of Paris, and renewed the wrenths of *immortalites* with which they annually decorate the graves of their friends and relatives. Those whose "loved ones" are buried (as two-thirds of those who die in Paris are) in the common graves, and whose bones are mingled promiscuously, unmarked even by a headstone, deposit their offerings at the foot of a tall stone cross, near the entrance to the cemetery. One of the most peculiar and solemn ceremonies of this day is the mass which is said in a chapel in the Catacombs, where the bones of 3,000,000 of people, removed from the different burial grounds, await the day of resurrection. Formerly, in France, it was believed that the portion of the night from midnight to daylight, preceding the *jour des morts*, was a time when the dead were permitted to leave their graves and revisit the scenes of their earthly life, and the friends and relatives whom they have loved. Parents who had lost their children, and lovers whose loved ones had been crowned with the bridal wreath of death, all who had friends or relatives lying in the tomb, on this night sat by

their firesides, leaving open a door or window, in which it was believed the shades of the departed entered and sat with them again at their hearths, in the places and the presence which they loved in life.

##### QUI SAIT AIMER, SAIT MOURIR.

"I burn my soul away!"  
So spake the Rose, and smiled: "within my cup  
All day the sunbeams fall in flame—all day  
They drink my sweetness up!"

"I sigh my soul away!"  
The Lily said; "all night the moonbeams pale  
Steal round and round me, whispering in their play  
An all too tender tale!"

"I give my soul away!"  
The Violet said; "the west wind wanders on,  
The north wind comes—I know not what they say,  
And yet my soul is gone!"

Oh, Poet, burn away  
Thy fervent soul! Fond Lover at the feet  
Of her thou lovest, sigh! Dear Christian, pray—  
And let the world be sweet!

DEATH OF THE STRONG MAN.—It is affecting always to stand by the bedside of a conscious dying man of education and intelligence, and witness the surrender of life; to see vitality forsaking the frame which it has so long animated; to watch the last agonizing glance, or the melancholy look of silent resignation; to behold the last spark of intelligence extinguished for ever, and all the lustre of the mind vanishing with the final beat of the pulse, and the flaring of the eye never more to flash with the rays of intellect. There is something far more touching in such a scene than in the death of a child, or of those whose life has been one of physical rather than mental exertion, whose tastes have not been intellectual, whose refinement was never great. The sensitive organs—the susceptible faculties of the uneducated laborer—of the man neither disposed nor accustomed to intellectual pursuits, are much less keen than those of the man whose mental organization, taste and occupation have been of a higher order. The more refined, and studious and thoughtful a man of superior intellect, taste or temperament becomes, so much the more capable is he of deep feeling; so much the more intensely can he experience the extremes of joy and misery; so much hollower is he than other men; so much more warmed by generous impulses and the higher motives of human action.—Cornwallis's "Pilgrims of Fashion."

MARTIN F. TUTTLE must have his say about the war, and tapers off his rhymes as follows:

Southerner, shame on such treason!  
Woe, for your folly and guilt,  
Woe, for this war of unreason,  
Woe, for the brothers' blood split!  
Curse on such monstrous unfill!  
Tearing their mother to shreds,  
Curse on those children of Hell,  
Curse on their parried heads!

##### SECESSION.—BY CESAR.

What fun dis here Secession am,  
For ebbery nigger, Pompey—Yas, sir!  
Massar amucide from Uncle Sam:  
'Pose you and me succede from massar?

THE COCONUT TREE.—The genus *cocos*, by far the most important of the palm tribe, contains 12 species, of which the coconut tree is the most valuable. There are many varieties, five being indigenous to Ceylon. It is found all over the tropical parts of the world, growing from 60 to 80 feet high. Its fruitfulness varies with the soil, and it seems partial to the seashore. Possessed of a habitation darkened by a clump of coconuts, a yak, and a palmyra tree, a native of India is considered a landed proprietor. George Herbert truly says:

"The Indian nut alone  
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,  
Boat, cable, sail, mast, needle—all in one."

The leaves are serviceable also for thatch, screens, baskets and mats; the fibrous coating of the fruit forms a rope, and is used for stuffing mattresses; and the kernel furnishes a rich, clear oil. The tree is propagated by nuts, which, when planted thoroughly ripe about May, come up usually about November. The first leaf is single, and the plant is transplanted before it divides. The tree begins to bear in seven years; in 15 years is in full bearing, producing about 60 or 70 nuts, and continues bearing from 70 to 80 years. When the apathe of the tree is ready to yield toddy may be known easily by the chattering of birds, the crowding of insects, the dropping of the juice and other unmistakable signs. In 1856, 2,500,000 coconuts were imported into Great Britain, and were almost all retained for home consumption. They are used instead of wedges to fill up the interstices between casks and packages in the cargoes of ships, so that the freight costs little. In the same year the import of coconut oil amounted to 197,788 cwt.

PICKETING.—Not the least of the charms of picketing is the freedom it gives the picket when off duty, to rove about in the vicinity of the advanced posts. With the pass of a picket in his pocket, it is not difficult for him to lay the inhabitants of the vicinity—if inhabitants there be—under involuntary contribution for such objects as please his sharp appetite and keen sight. A turkey or a chicken never comes amiss to him, and a nice sheep has an attraction for his digits which even that of the pole for the magnet cannot excel. In all his goings and comings, the picket is especially mindful of what he shall eat and drink, and never fails to be in possession of a goodly store of provisions which the quartermaster's accounts do not mention—never, albeit he may not have seen the color of Uncle Samuel's gold for two months! His greatest delight is to make a decent upon some rich old rebel, and secure a peace offering from that same which shall furnish him with an abundance of feasting. The one thing he knows, beyond all other knowledge, is that a good dinner is the *primum mobile* of a soldier's valor, as it is his chiefest enjoyment. And if his hardships appear harder to him than all other hardships known to man, so do the comforts to which we have referred appear more comforting to him than any other comforts whatever.

The interchange of courtesies between pickets is far from uncommon, and it is often comical to see two men who have lain behind a couple of trees or logs, on the opposite sides of a river all the forenoon, each seeking for an opportunity to put a bullet into the diaphragm of his adversary; if a comical, I say, to see these same men wave a handkerchief at last as a flag of truce, lay down their arms, and advance to a meeting in the middle of the river, up to their waists in water, where they shake hands, "treat" one another, exchange New York papers for Richmond, and discourse most amicably for an hour. It is still more comical to see these same men, the instant they get back to their respective posts, renew their dodging behind the logs, and repeat their efforts to get a good opportunity of blazing away at each other, yet this scene is a literal statement of proceedings the writer has repeatedly seen on the Potomac and elsewhere.

BITTER FEMALE SECESSIONISTS.—Four young gentlemen residing in Alexandria, a few days ago engaged apartments of a highly respectable lady who lives in Prince street, with her two daughters, aged respectively 16 and 18. Although the lady and her daughters were open and avowed Secessionists, the former having two sons in the rebel army, the young gentlemen were nevertheless surprised to hear them speak so contemptuously and bitterly of the Union. The young gentlemen, it appears, took it into their heads to hoist the Stars and Stripes on the top of their dwelling, one day. The lady and daughters, when they discovered it, raised such a storm of indignation that the gentlemen were afraid to approach them. One of the young ladies clambered to the roof of the house, at the risk of life and limb, and, with the spirit of a tigress, tore down the flag, trampled it beneath her feet, and finally threw the fragments into the street. Not content with this disrespect to the glorious emblem of the country which had protected herself and family from their birth, this young traitress took the ashes of the burnt flag and pitched them contemptuously into the street. The worst feature, perhaps, of the whole affair is that the entire family is from the Northern part of New York, and have lived only a few years in Alexandria. Their friends and relatives still reside in New York.

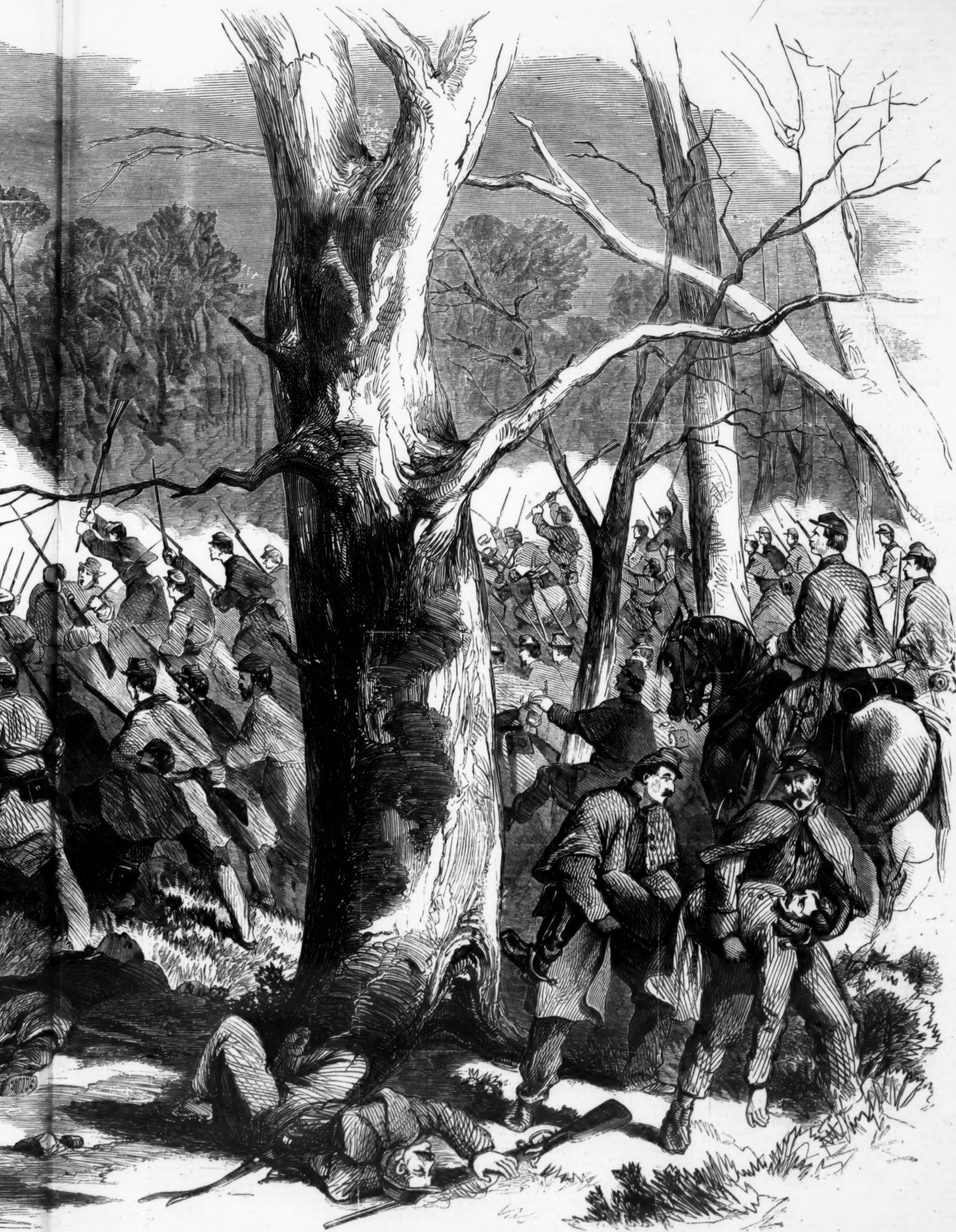
GEN. FAYNE IN THE PULPIT.—The *Volunteer* is the title of a "broadside," published by the boys of the Iowa 16th, now stationed at the little seacoast town of Charleston, about 25 miles west of Cairo. The *Volunteer* of Jan. 27th tells the following story of the way in which, the day after the 16th took possession of the village, the people thereof went to church: "Gen. Fayne, on arriving here yesterday, found the churches vacant, and no evidence of that devotion on the Sabbath necessary to all well-regulated communities; he accordingly summoned the inhabitants of this city and surroundings to meet him at the Court-house, at half-past one in the afternoon, where he proposed to expound to them the weightier matters of the law. The house was filled (the General occasionally sending after a prominent absentee), and after giving them some good advice, he called on a reverend divine to conduct the services, quietly informing the audience that his services were required elsewhere, and that it would be necessary for them to remain until six o'clock. On turning to the door they were surprised to find that the house was closely guarded, and that the balance of the day they were prisoners. By this ruse the General not only succeeded in preventing information of his movements being carried to the rebels, but brought many an old sinner to the altar who had not seen it for years. It is to be hoped that they profited by the occasion."





STORMING OF FORT DONELSON—DECISIVE BAYONET CHARGE OF THE IOWA SECOND REGIMENT ON THE REBEL ENTRENCHMENTS AT FORT DONELSON, SATURDAY





SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, RESULTING IN THE CAPTURE OF THE WORKS ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. LOVIE.—SEE PAGE 270.



## MY SOLDIER.

By Lillian St. John.

Oh! red, red moon!  
And Indian summer's night of balm!  
Oh! wild wind-tune,  
Sing notes of heavenly calm—  
Sing sweet and low,  
A blessed psalm,  
As golden rivers flow  
Through groves of palm.

Oh! red, red moon!  
And azure-colored floating mist—  
Oh! leaves blown wanderingly,  
Through clouds of amethyst,  
My heart will break—  
Oh bloodstained leaf!  
My heart will break,  
With bursting grief.

November night!  
Where is my brave young soldier now?  
His dark eye's light,  
The tender glory of his lip and brow,  
His loving word,  
His kind caress,  
The comfort of his valiant soul's  
Exceeding gentleness?

Blow, Autumn winds!  
With hoarse sea breezes blend terrific shout,  
Till dust, and mist, and sea-foam put the red moon out,  
Blow louder, winds!  
A furious gale—  
To drown the battle's boom,  
And death's sharp wail.

Should he be dead,  
With cold hands folded on a heart like stone,  
Or, with unsheltered head,  
Unstraitened, and unconfined, and unknown;  
This heart would break,  
I, too, should die,  
He, for sweet Freedom's sake,  
And for his, I.

Should he return,  
As he went out in that May morning's light,  
With lip more stern,  
Cheek dark and ruddy as the camp fire's light!  
Ah, sweet young May,  
With flowers wild,  
I should laugh out  
Like any child.

Where is he now?  
A dull, uneasy sense of pain,  
On heart and brow,  
Wears like the dropping of November rain.  
My heart cries out—  
Ah! midnight black!  
Will morn and sunrise  
Ne'er come back!—St. Louis Democrat.

## THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME. A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER IV.—THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

I RETURNED to England. I wrote to my mother that I was miserable, that I had tried everything, but that I despaired of all but her love. A mother's love never fails. I had left her negligently, I had been two years absent, during which I had lived a life of self-indulgence, and now that the bitter harvest was reaped by me, I wished to fly to her, to save me from myself. I told her I wanted nothing but home and her. I do not know whether I deceived myself, I know I deceived my mother entirely. She believed that a season of repose and home affection would in truth heal the wounds of my soul, and that afterwards the good qualities for which she fondly gave me credit would be developed and exercised. The magnetic impulse which lured me to England I scarcely avowed to myself, and it was totally unsuspected by her. Her heart, a little chilled by my past conduct, sprung back at once with the idea that I needed her, and prepared out of the abundance of her affection a home in which I could renew the peace and freshness of my soul.

I arrived in London. Two days afterwards I met Warburton in the street. He recognised me; he was delighted to see me, and insisted on taking me home to see his wife. They were just passing through London, and were staying at an hotel. His clear, metallic voice, and sharp enunciation, sounded on my ears, but his words made little impression on me. I had an insane wish, I remember, to strangle him as he spoke, and yet I listened with a strange interest—he was hers. We entered; all the self-control I possessed, hitherto enough, God knows, could scarcely support me as I saw her. "Are you not well?" asked the rich, melancholy voice, and Marian, more beautiful than ever, stood before me.

I muttered something about Venice and illness. My little friend Harry ran up to me, and asked me to look at his baby sister. Seated on the ground at her mother's feet, circled by toys, sat a lovely little baby girl.

"My Nina," said Marian.  
We spoke on common subjects; her husband fidgetted about the room, settling the baby's dress, correcting the boy's behavior, and eulogizing his cut and dried observations about the weather, politics and fashionable gossip, with the fussy and hard mediocrity peculiar to him. I felt cold and constrained. I talked of Italy, of my pleasant travels, of my home-sickness, of Fanny, and of my mother, as if my heart was there, and not here. Marian looked at me with soft and penetrating eyes. I could act content no longer; I stammered and turned pale. She knew she still held my heart in her hand, and her line of conduct was, I am sure, instantly resolved upon. That woman wrecked me as completely as a false light on a rock wrecks a vessel. In absence I had felt hate, scorn, rage; beside her, all died away, and the old fascination asserted its power. She was there; what could I do but love?

After a time I took my leave, more hopeless, more broken-hearted than before. The Warburtons were to leave town the next day, on a tour of visits. The next day I went down to Speynings.

My mother received me with the tenderest welcome. Her heart was large enough to cover my deficiencies, her nature rich enough to inspire mine with warmth and happiness. For a time only. At first I was touched by her generosity, and made resolves to put aside the weakness of my soul, to bury the Past, to turn to the Future; but these resolves were as unstable as the weak and fickle nature that made them.

By way of bidding an eternal farewell to my weak love, I went to the Grange, a day or two after I arrived. I did not enter the house, but wandered like a lost soul among the grounds. When I returned, I thought I would go to some of the cottages I had visited with Marian. I thought "this is the last day of weakness, let me have it out. At home I cannot speak of her, here these poor people will give me the last opportunity." I did so; I wandered among them, and heard praises of the ladies collectively, but I had not the felicity of hearing any particular mention of my idol. In one of the cottages a child was crying at the door as I entered. I gathered from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in. The woman was delirious, and talking in hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought I heard her say, "Miss Marian, her that was Miss Compton."

I went up to the bed, and tried to smooth the pillows under her feverish head, and bent low over her to hear what she said, but it was in vain. I did not give up my post till the husband and doctor arrived. Her ravings had become more and more inarticulate.

"Good God! Mr. Spencer," said the doctor, as he came in, "are you aware that woman is dying of typhus fever?"

I involuntarily shrank back. The poor husband was pouring out thanks to me. He thought it was a charitable impulse which had brought me and kept me there. I offered all that was necessary, and returned home.

I was taken ill that evening. The shock my nerves (I will not say my heart) had sustained had told sufficiently on my general health to make me very susceptible to infection, and easily overcome by it. I was taken ill that evening, and remained for six weeks between life and death.

As I recovered, memory seemed to awake more vividly than ever. I passed from frenzy to despondency, and at last sunk into a hopeless kind of lethargy, which must have been trying in the extreme to those with me. My mother exerted every faculty of her mind to uphold, to soothe, and console. She was indefatigable; but the misery with which she heard my confessions and witnessed my struggles seemed to eat into her heart. Every day she was paler and more careworn. A nurse in a fever ward gets that look, when the strength of the strongest is undermined by nightly watchings, and breathing daily impure air. Sharing the sufferings and sorrows of an impure soul is not less fatal and health-destroying. There was the natural feeling of her own impotency to do me any good, which was like wormwood in a mother's heart; and added to this, my abrupt transitions from tenderness to coldness partook so much more of the character of disease than of natural filial affection, that she was tried almost beyond the powers of woman.

There are some women for whom the Catholic legend of the heart pierced by seven swords is literally true. My poor mother! her conjugal and maternal affection were both the trials of her warm affectionate nature. In both she was wretched.

I had as little pity for her as for any one else, and her own life had been latterly so calm and peaceful, all her feelings had so merged and concentrated themselves into that of maternity, that she suffered from my mental sufferings as much as if our existences had been one. There were moments when my petulance and violence terrified her for my reason, there were days when my voiceless depression wrung her heart. My acquaintance with Veronica, and its fatal termination, I concealed from her, but nothing else in my life, and the retrospect was a sad one.

I made no effort at self-control. The whole man was weakened, physically and mentally, and I gave way to whatever feeling was foremost.

Change of air was recommended to me, and we went to the seaside. Fanny had been all this time absent on a visit to some friends, and was not to return for many weeks; I had not seen her since my return. My mother and I were alone. When I urged her to send for Fanny as a help and assistance to her, she positively, and almost sternly, refused.

I have a deep conviction that it is a trial which only the elect of human beings can bear scathless, to be loved entirely and utterly by another. It requires a depth, a generosity, an abundance, in one's own nature. I felt oppressed. The strength of the great love which my mother felt for me was too much for my heart's vitality. The glowing sunshine extinguishes the feeble fire. It made me very happy at times; at others I felt there was an inadequateness, an insufficiency in myself which was fatal.

"You are too earnest, mother," I used to say; "one should skim but not dive into subjects as you do."

"When you are as old as I am, Hubert, you will understand that life must be accepted earnestly, if we would make anything of it."

Sometimes I would say to her I felt unworthy of such love as hers. She would smile tenderly, and say,

"It is only the natural difference of feeling. It is always one who loves, and one who is loved. Mine is the best share. It is better, believe me, to love than be loved; the loving love longer than the beloved. Be contented that it should be so."

"Contented!" I said, with wonder.

"Yes; I can imagine circumstances, which would make you wish you could fly from that love, when its very intenseness might seem a reproach; all I ask, then, from you is patience. Bear with it. God knows, Hubert, I only ask you to fulfil your own happiness; I seek none for myself; but do you seek it where my wishes and prayers can go with you?"

One evening I was resting on the sofa, when a little confusion was heard, and Henry Warburton walked in. I received him with open arms.

"We are staying in the neighborhood," he said; "and we heard accidentally that you had been ill, and my wife wished to know how you were getting on, for the sake of auld lang syne. Mrs. Spencer, how is she?"

He waited for no reply, but went on.

"Pale, I think—pulled down; but we will soon put you to rights."

I introduced him to my mother. I saw at once that he made a peculiarly unpleasant impression on her. I was perverse enough to resent her coolness to him as a wrong to myself; I felt annoyed, and showed it.

What an odd, inconsistent wish I had to please that man! If he were my friend I could be his wife's. He was most willing, I saw, to be my friend. He had been well tutored. Beside that, he was flattered by my evident desire to please him. I had a certain reputation for talent, and it delighted him to perceive the attention which I paid to his opinions, and the deference with which I agreed with his views. I was the heir to great wealth; I was an excellent friend to have. If his own personal influence, aided by his wife's beauty and good-nature, could make me a friend, I was the best card he could hold. My connection with the great man, the late Lord of Vienna was not severed by my father's death, or my own reluctance to join it. Till I was five-and-twenty my name (as a sleeping partner, however) was on their books and in all their transactions. Well made use of, this was a key which might open the way to millions. I was much too important a person not to be courted by Harry Warburton. His frank, gentlemanlike manner (somewhat patronising, as became our difference of age) concealed his designs from others; but I was shrewd enough to detect them at once. Yet, so deceitful is the heart of man, that had any one asked me my opinion of Warburton, I should have spoken of him in the warmest manner; I tried to persuade myself I thought so; I sought to convince my mother. It was here that the hitch between us made it self felt. For myself, my sufferings and my fruitless pain she could have the tenderest pity; but for all this sophistry, this endeavor to reason black into white, she had no feeling but indignation.

Warburton stayed two days. It would have been amusing for a disinterested spectator to have observed how he fussed himself into the management of everything, from the shelling of the shrimps for breakfast to the blacking of the boots, including all the cares of my sick room. We were left almost entirely together. He told me he and his wife would be at the Grange in a week, and would stay there a long time. From some things he said, I discovered his affairs were very much disordered and involved, from the failure of a house of business in which he had deposited his funds for some speculative purpose; but the bank had failed just as he was about to draw on the money, the realised bulk of almost his entire property; at one blow it had gone—they had but a pittance left. So much for his vaunted worldly shrewdness. He spoke so generously of his resolve to bear all the inevitable privations and spare them to his wife, that I was more and more charmed with him, and vowed in my heart of hearts that if he would permit it my best efforts should tend to the same purpose. I resolved at once to return to Speynings. My mother was pleased with this desire to return home, and gladly commenced preparations for our departure. I had in our long confidential conversation told her so much, promised her so many times to endeavor to overcome my fatal passion, that though she could not tolerate my hasty friendship for Warburton, it did not strike her that this sudden wish to return to Speynings might be identical with the Warburtons' visit to the Grange; indeed, she was ignorant of this.

I remember that at the prospect of some delay which might have detained us a day or two at Ilfracombe, I flew into a towering rage. The effect was inadequate to the cause, and was altogether so posterous, that she looked at me with astonishment. She recollected it afterwards, and understood it as a proof how deeply-laid a plan I had formed to persevere in my folly; or, rather, as it seemed to her, and was in fact, my sin.

We returned. I bore my journey well. We slept one night in town. I had a disturbed and restless night; but as soon as I awoke I found my mother at my side. My least movement seemed always to be heard by her, and roused her to see if I needed anything. She would sit for hours by my bedside, even after the exigencies of my illness required it, ready to smooth a pillow, to draw a curtain, in short, to soothe and calm my restlessness. Often, after hours of almost delirious tossings to and fro on my feverish couch, I have found myself gradually drop into a peaceful sleep, and on waking refreshed the next morning have found myself in her arms, hushed to forgetfulness, as in the days of my infancy. I noticed not that this trying kind of life was destroying her own health. Her nerves were shattered and her strength enfeebled, but I was regardless of

The afternoon of the day we arrived, as I was waiting in anxious expectation, the door of the room in which we sat was opened, and to my mother's infinite surprise—fory she did not know they were at the Grange—the Warburtons entered. Marian sank rather than sat on a chair at my side, Warburton talked so loudly and quickly that nothing but his voice was heard. When I looked round my mother had left the room. Marian threw back her veil and there was a pallor on her bright cheek. She asked me most affectionately after my health. The extreme reticence of her manner which suggested so much, though it expressed so little, seemed by its wordless tenderness to reconcile me to irreparable fate. I drank deeper and deeper of the poison. It was not happiness, but there was a sweetness in the misery I suffered that was as thrilling as happiness. From that day there lay a sword between my mother's heart and mine, but the sharp blade cut into hers. She believed that I had acted a part—she attributed my coming to England to a predetermined plan, and she recoiled from being a participator, even passively, in what seemed to her sin. As long as I appeared open and candid with her—as long as I suffered her to share my sorrow with me—she was indefatigable; but when, instead of seeking to repress the fatal feeling which had ruined my life, I indulged it in a covert and dishonorable manner, she confessed to herself, with unutterable sorrow, that she was defeated, and yielded up all hopes of my effectual recovery from the moral disease which had enervated my character and prostrated my energies.

I cared for no remonstrances of hers. I was at Speynings, Marian at the Grange. Till my health was established she came almost daily to see me, but as soon as I was able to visit in my turn she desisted. My mother's coldness to her was invariable. I went continually to the Grange. We were always engaged in parties of pleasure, which drew me more and more from home, and I stayed there for days. *En tout bien, en tout honneur*. Warburton always invited me—Marian was pleased and consented, but nothing more; no husband could have been jealous. Consummate art was shown by both. Her husband, though he knew my adoration for his wife, and though he was resolved never to allow it to manifest itself beyond a certain point (he was not an absolute villain) affected to ignore it altogether, and to attribute my constant visits to my pleasure in his society. She never varied in a certain gentle manner, though her eyes—those large, tender, deep eyes—told a different tale. Warburton's praises of me rang through the neighborhood, and when any evil-disposed neighbor said, "How intimate the young Spencer is with the Warburtons," the answer always was, "He is an intimate friend of Mr. Warburton's; besides, there has always been a great intimacy between Speynings and the Grange. It is not surprising that a lively young fellow like Mr. Spencer should prefer the society of such a good fellow as Warburton to a gloomy place like Speynings, with that poor invalid, his mother."

My mother was now an almost confirmed invalid, but she struggled against her fast increasing malady, she was so anxious not to make any claim on me; she would not owe to my compassion for her physical sufferings, those attentions which my love did not voluntarily offer. It was difficult for a heart so high as hers to comprehend the sterility of mine. My being seemed emptied of all feelings but on one point. I was like a patient with a chronic disease. The strength, as well as weakness of my constitution fed my malady and drained the vital springs of my life. If affection is shown by act, I might be said to be devoid of it. I lived a life apart, and after a communion of such entire sympathy as seldom exists between a parent and child, I drew a line of demarcation between my mother and myself. Yet, with an inconsistency peculiar to men, I expected precisely the same devotion from her. If I observed a shadow on her brow (and how much had it darkened in these few months) or a colder accent in her voice, I felt as much aggrieved as if I was the wronged one. Her affection was to be poured out without measure and stint, though I did not stoop to regard it.

Dante's simile is true. Amid all the voices which sound to a man's ear in life, there is one voice always distinctly and dominantly heard. When that voice is the voice of God, there is harmony in the music around; when the voice of self is the loudest, there is discord. There was discord enough with me at this time. I was intelligent enough to know how recklessly I was destroying myself, but I was so selfish by nature, habit and education, that I could not resist taking advantage of the present enjoyment. If there be one thing which is more dangerous than another, it is the sophistry with which we persuade ourselves that because our overt actions are not against the outward law of right we are sinless. So long as I did not persuade Marian to leave her home and children for me, I thought I was guiltless. I imagined I did not betray Warburton's trust if I did not openly speak of love, though my whole being proved it. Marian and I had no explanation. How was it that I understood that her engagement with Warburton had been forced on her soon after Mr. Villars's death, by the exigencies of her position? Mr. Villars had died deeply involved, and Mr. Warburton, a friend of his in life, had extricated the widow as far as he could. Gratitude, esteem, the feeling of isolation, the fears of the future for her boy, had led her to accept his hand, and consent to marry him as soon as her mourning was over. She came to live, meanwhile, in retirement at the Grange. When she knew me, her feelings for the first time rebelled against her engagement; but on the one hand she was bound, on the other she had no reason to believe my feelings were really interested in her, though she was conscious I admired her she saw my mother's dislike to her, and too timid to take such a decided step as to break her engagement with Warburton, and too uncertain of my feelings to acknowledge her own to satisfy sufficiently to authorize her to that step, she let it go on. My sudden departure had confirmed her suspicion that I had some other attachment. Now that our fates were irrevocable, what was left but a mutual and enduring affection, tenderer than friendship, calmer than love? I was to be her only friend, she would be mine. I might—she hoped I would—marry, but she was to be my only friend. At different times, by veiled allusions, by broken expressions, this was revealed to me. I was persuaded that in all true love Marian was mine. She tolerated her husband, and for the sake of her children she remained in his house, but love for me was the secret of her life. She must do her duty. That duty was interpreted in this manner. She took all the flower of my life, my thoughts, my time, my anxious service; I was as much hers as the ring on her finger, and she gave me in return sweet, kind words, melting looks and winning little attentions. What right had I to more? Had I not scores of times sworn that to press her hand, sit by her side, was more to me than to be the adored and adoring husband of another? As to Warburton, was he not completely satisfied with her docility and gentleness? She moulded him in all things to her will, yet was he persuaded that it was he who managed her. She contented us both. Yes, for the burning jealousy, the bitter yearnings, the death in life I sometimes endured, I blamed myself, raved against Fate—anything, any one, but my faultless and peerless love!

In vain my mother expostulated. "This is disloyal, Hubert. How can you take that man's hand, hold his child on your knee, when—"

"I have a sincere friendship for him. Why not?"

It was this obduracy which made her turn hopelessly away. I felt, however, that things could not continue in this way. The house of business with which I was connected in Vienna needed my presence. From time to time I had indefinitely promised to go there, and I looked forward to it as an escape. I was fast approaching the age when, by my father's will, a settlement of property was to be made, and I should either continue to keep my name in the firm or take it out.

I was so perplexed, so beset by contending feelings and contradictory purposes, that my life was a very purgatory. With the weakness which belonged to me I fancied that change of place would change the circumstances, and I longed to free myself from the evil which my own undisciplined nature had woven round me. I conversed a good deal with the Warburtons on the subject. They counselled me strongly to go to Vienna. He, like all practical men, or so-called practical men, thought it was right to go wherever there was a prospect of furthering pecuniary interests; a studious life, or a contemplative one was what he stigmatised as an idle one. Marian, on her side, had an idea—a very erroneous one—that my mother possessed some influence over me, and that that influence was inimical to her. She therefore also wished me to leave Speynings. I was maturing in silence my resolve to leave, but instead of frankly declaring my intention of leaving, certain as I was that no obstacle would be made by my mother, I was so conscious of having been unkind, negligent and ungrateful to her, that I made the resolve appear the consequence of wrong done by her.

One day when she was speaking to me seriously on the subject of my perpetual visits to the Grange, which I persisted in attributing



to friendship, in the very teeth of my despairing confessions to her, she said:

"Friendship! if you were married to Mrs. Warburton, Hubert, how would you like her to have a friendship for another man such as she has for you?"

"I do not see the object of such a question," I replied.

"Its purport is to warn you, Hubert. Are you so sure of yourself, of her, that you can thus for ever seek the society of a woman you have so dearly loved, I will not say that you still love, with impunity to both?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

"Because I feel convinced that you are only heaping up infinite sorrow, if not guilt, upon yourself."

"Why, am I not to have friends?"

"Friends! Is it a friend's part for a woman who is the wife of another to absorb to herself a young man's time, thoughts, happiness; to encourage him to give himself up entirely to her?"

"She is always urging me to marry and settle near them."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for hers, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood, or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

itself an enchantment and soon soothed away my vexation. She was glad that my ties to Speynings were weakening every moment, for I told her I had determined to leave. To a woman of her stamp the possession of a life to administer to hers, to cherish and adore her, was delightful. She forgot, as we all do, that selfishness indulged at the expense of the claims of others upon us, recoils sooner or later upon oneself. Warburton lectured me a good deal that morning on the necessity of asserting my own free will, and not to waste my manhood on servile dependence on my mother. To hear him, one would suppose my mother had been some doting old woman, who to satisfy some senile caprice prevented my engaging in some useful career. He had a way of speaking of her that in any other frame of mind would have enraged me, "an excellent person, but living so completely out of the world that she was ignorant of the necessities imposed on me by position—her early circumstances, no doubt, had an influence in limiting her views, but her good sense would point out to her that tying a man of twenty-five to idleness and a country retirement was not exactly doing her duty."

All he said chimed in so well with my own rebellious thoughts that his words sounded to me like the wisdom of Solomon.

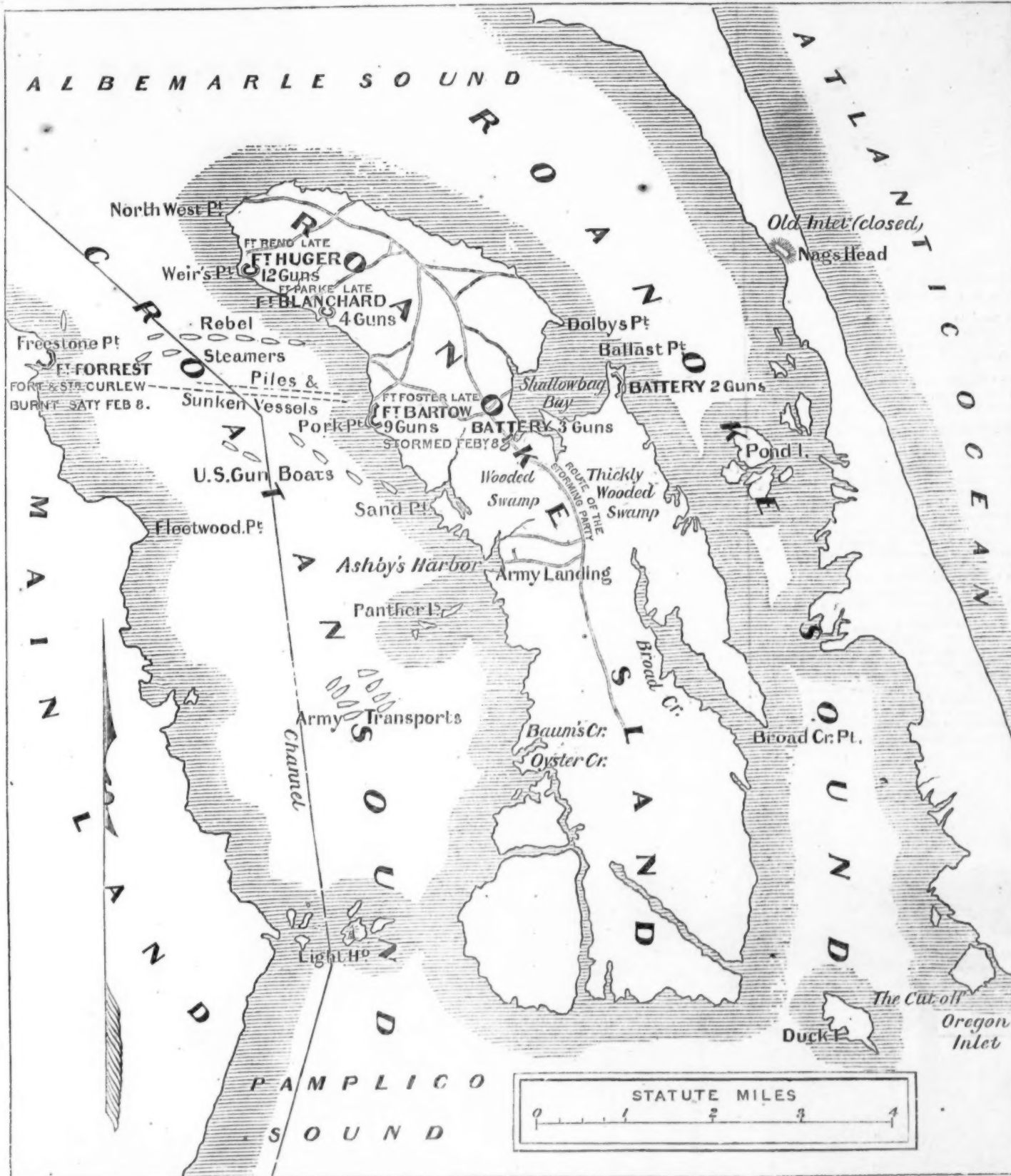
I could not well go to Vienna for two months, but these two months seemed to me like infinite ages, and I searched for some excuse to shorten the time. It came. On this very morning there came an invitation to the Warburtons from some friends of his in

if friendship it were, or in the same category as this sinful passion, if her surmises were correct, and it was passion.

Marian and I parted affectionately at the lodge, and I paused to see her graceful form fade in the twilight. When I entered the dreary room Fanny was alone. She met me with a serious and reproving look. She told me my mother was lying down; she had heard of the death of old Mrs. Spencer, my great uncle's widow. Though I did not know her, I knew well the affection which united them, and that, but for my illness in the autumn, she would have gone as usual to see her. When I entered the room where my mother was I saw she was worn out with tears. My heart smote me, and I spoke more tenderly than usual. She was touched. She held my hand between hers and pressed it fondly; we talked of irrelevant matters for awhile, but my answers were absent and constrained. After having made up my mind to the rupture at once it seemed vexatious to be foiled. After a while she observed my absence of mind, and asked me what was the matter. A little hesitation and I told her all my plans; she listened calmly.

"When did you say you were going?" she asked in a constrained voice.

There was not a word of remonstrance or regret. I was irritated; the resolution I had come to after so much agitation and pain—for I was a moral coward—seemed to have no import whatever. I was provoked and my vanity suffered. I turned and said:



MAP OF ROANOKE ISLAND AND CROATAN AND ROANOKE SOUNDS, WITH THE REBEL FORTS.

"The fact is," I said, "there is one quality which every woman possesses, and that is jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed, "I can forgive all but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

I had never seen her so angry. I was proportionately so. I set my teeth, and vowed with an inward oath to free myself immediately from these discussions and admonitions.

My mother's patience was at last worn out. She looked more grave and unhappy than I had ever seen her. Fanny, who had returned home, was miserable at seeing how ill my mother looked, and soon had scarcely patience to speak to me. All this I construed into wrong done to me, and considered the inevitable consequences of my own cruel unkindness and acts of offence towards me. I was to strike, but no blood was to flow; I was to grieve, but tears were an unpardonable injury.

One morning, a few days afterwards, I announced my intention of spending the day at the Grange, and added, carelessly, that I should sleep there. My mother was silent, but her eyes met mine, and their place of mute reproach has often returned to me. But I had entered upon a downward path, and every minute accelerated my descent.

When I arrived at the Grange, Marian saw there was a cloud on my brow. She was sweetness itself. She asked no questions, but applied herself to soothe my troubled spirit. Being with her was of

Scotland, with whom I also was acquainted. In the postscript was this sentence:

"If your friend, Mr. Spencer, is better, we should be delighted if he would accompany you. Do you think we could send him an invitation?"

This clenched my doubts. I should be absent for two months, and then I should go abroad.

The Warburtons accepted the invitation for all of us, and we resolved to go together.

Having made up my mind, I resolved to execute it. I was impatient to get it over, and to banish from my thought all but the one ravishing idea that for two months I should be under the same roof as Marian! She and I, and the children, walked from the Grange together; the children played on in front, and she hung on my arm. We talked of the pleasant prospects of these two months; she delicately handled my bruised soul with her soft indulgence and sympathy; how like an angel she seemed, and my heart rose up in indignant condemnation when I thought "this is the woman I am asked to give up—this is the solace I am forbidden to accept." I did not remember the plain fact that it was not till after her second marriage that my mother had seriously opposed my inclination for Marian. It was from my own confessions of the wanton way in which she had coquetted with me that she judged her. At present she was passive. Since our last conversation her lips had been sealed. She was not a woman to contend in such a game, or to place a mother's love on the same footing as this holiday friendship,

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousies I can stay no longer."

The apparent quiet with which my mother had heard my first words had been an exercise of great self-control. There was too little light in the room for me to see the death-paleness which overspread her face when I first broached the subject, or I might have spared her. As it was I persevered. An executioner who has stretched a criminal on the rack, and who finds the first turn of the engine inadequate to force a complaint, may from the same spirit of antagonism, even more than the spirit of cruelty, give it an extra turn. Say what we will, there is something of the tiger in every undisciplined human heart. I might now be satisfied with the effect produced. She started up, and the flood of bitter sorrow and disappointment in me, which had been slowly amassing during these dreary months, overflowed. I shrank back, convicted and appalled.

"If it had been a friend," she said, "who had thrown himself upon another friend, as you cast yourself upon me when you wrote to me from Venice, using my mind, my heart, my time, as ministers of yours in the premeditated and systematic plan you had formed from the date of that letter, to approach nearer the object of your unhallowed passion, and when your end was accomplished, casting off that friend as a worn-out glove, such cold-blooded ingratitude would have seemed heartless enough, but when it is a mother's life and heart's blood you have been playing with, and when you wind up this unparalleled treachery by coming to me at such a time to wound me to the heart, by telling me that all my efforts, my endu-





MAJOR-GENERAL J. A. GARFIELD, THE VICTOR OF PRESTONBURG.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. RYDER.—SEE PAGE 270.

rance, my kindness have been in vain—that I "who have dreamed, thought, breathed but to lighten your load and assuage your cares, have made you miserable—I feel that my sorrow is greater than I can bear. Go, Hubert, the sight of you kills me."

I obeyed her.  
The next day passed in a gloomy calm. Though little able to do so, my mother had risen and went about as usual; she was so fearful that I should think she wished to make her illness a plea for delaying my departure.

I escaped to the Grange; it was the hunting-season, and Warburton hunted. Marian needed my society to while away her lonely mornings, and we were left almost entirely alone. A few days afterwards I sent for my servant and belongings, and we left for Scotland. I wrote a few lines to my mother, merely telling her I was going, but without giving any further reason for not seeing her again.

I spent two months in Scotland. I was less happy than I expected. There was a sense of self-reproach which left an ache in my heart. There was, besides, a strange feeling of surprise at having so easily broken the tie with my home. A man who would have used a hundred-horse power to divide a partition which fell away at a touch, would have felt as *sold*, to use a vulgarism.

We all went to London together, and then I made the final preparations for my journey. It was necessary, for appearance, to go down to Speynings. I did not wish the world to think I had quarrelled with my mother.

"Never let there be a public rupture between relations," said Warburton; "it is not in good taste. You have asserted your independence (when had it ever been infringed?) 'basta,' as Marian would say. Such an excellent person as your mother deserves every attention which does not interfere with the exigencies of life."

The morning came; Marian seemed dispirited, and as if she grudged every moment I was obliged to pass away from her. Her eyes glistened with tears as I took leave. I could scarcely tear myself away, for in a few days I should have to leave her also. When at last I dragged myself away, I promised faithfully to be back that

evening. My first intention had been to sleep at Speynings. It would be a disappointment to the two at home, but I resolved, at any price, to secure a few hours more with her. I should only pass two hours at Speynings.

I arrived in a moody, constrained temper. It seemed that there was latent reproach, or covert accusation in all that was said. My mother's pale and changed face was a reproof in itself. It was cold; the snow had fallen thick, and the noise of the spades clearing it away sounded ominous. I requested they should not do so, and ordered the carriage to wait for me at the lodge, where I said I would meet it. The conversation was dull and inharmonious, in spite of Fanny's good-natured attempts to enliven it. When I had announced my intention of returning by the next train, she had made an exclamation, but a glance at my mother silenced her. She (my mother) said nothing, but a few minutes afterwards left the room.

During her absence Fanny told me the news of the place; how the Comptons returned to the Grange, &c., &c. My mother returned, looking paler still, but otherwise calm and composed. Each moment dropped like lead on my heart, till I feared at last I should not have strength to go. Suddenly I made an effort and stood up.

"God bless you, dear Fan!" I said. I could be cordial to her on this last day, for I had done her no wrong.

"Good-bye," I said to my mother, and I took her hand. "I will write as soon as I get to Vienna, and be sure to write and tell me if I can do anything for you there."

"God bless you, Hubert! Be happy, and keep well."  
Her voice was hollow and strange, and the hand I held was cold as ice.

"I shall often think of the new greenhouses, Fanny, and of the wonderful flower prizes you will get with such an elaborate apparatus. Good-bye!" I again shook hands with her, and was gone.

I drew a long breath, as after running down the avenue I jumped into the carriage, which was to take me to the express train. I had escaped, bruised and galled it is true, but I was free. My thoughts swung round at once to Marian.

At five-and-twenty I was about to commence the true business of life. As Warburton would have said, a man must act and live with men. Women are a pastime which may fill up the interstices of life; but when one has left off wearing white pinafores, cut one's teeth, and had the measles, there is nothing in which a woman is really necessary to us. A wife or mistress *c'est autre chose*, but mothers and sisters are best at a little distance.

I never saw my mother again. Twelve months after I left England she died.

During that period I had not only joined the firm at Vienna, but had, by my hereditary and personal influence, made room for Warburton. He and his wife were now domiciled at Vienna.

I was a man who misses a daily intercourse, but whose affections are not solid enough to stand the trial of absence, and I did not mourn my mother much. Besides, there was a sting in such grief as I could not help feeling, which my selfishness led me resolutely to fight against. However plausibly I might argue with myself, there was a sin on my soul. My actions appeared harmless enough.

The crimes which darken many minds I was innocent of. I had kept within the outward limit which separates vice from virtue, and yet the mildew of my reckless self-love had destroyed all that came too near me. The world spoke fairly of me; the Warburtons and their clique praised me to the skies; but character sooner or later finds its level, and I did not retain my friends; but I was in the bloom and spring of life, my face was turned to the ascent of the Mountains of Delight. What had I to do with memories of that fair face hidden under the sands which are washed by the Adriatic Lagoon? Why should I torture myself with thinking how irreparably I had grieved and wounded the heart which now lay at rest under the chance of our old church? But it is the worst of characters like mine, to see the right and pursue the wrong. My intelligence pointed out to me where my errors injured me; and my will, long perverted by self-indulgence, had not power to alter. I suppose, therefore, I was beginning to discover that some of the glory of my love was dimmed. I still adored Marian; but constant intercourse had robbed my love of some of its fairy enchantments. Reaction had followed the excitement in which I had lately lived. Besides, I had attained, as far as I could, the object of my desires.

It is extraordinary how brief is the phase of contentment in some minds, and how soon the balance weighs downwards. We ascend the hill with great difficulty, but the place at the top is so narrow, that in a very brief time we are obliged to descend. In the gay circles of Vienna, Marian was very much admired. The lessot vanity of Warburton was such, that he imagined it was his society which attracted the Viennese youth to his house. I used to feel enraged at his self-satisfaction. Certainly Marian had art enough to manage a score of admirers without compromising herself, or committing him. Not one of these gay and gallant courtiers imagined, I am sure, that the slouching, dark-eyed young English-



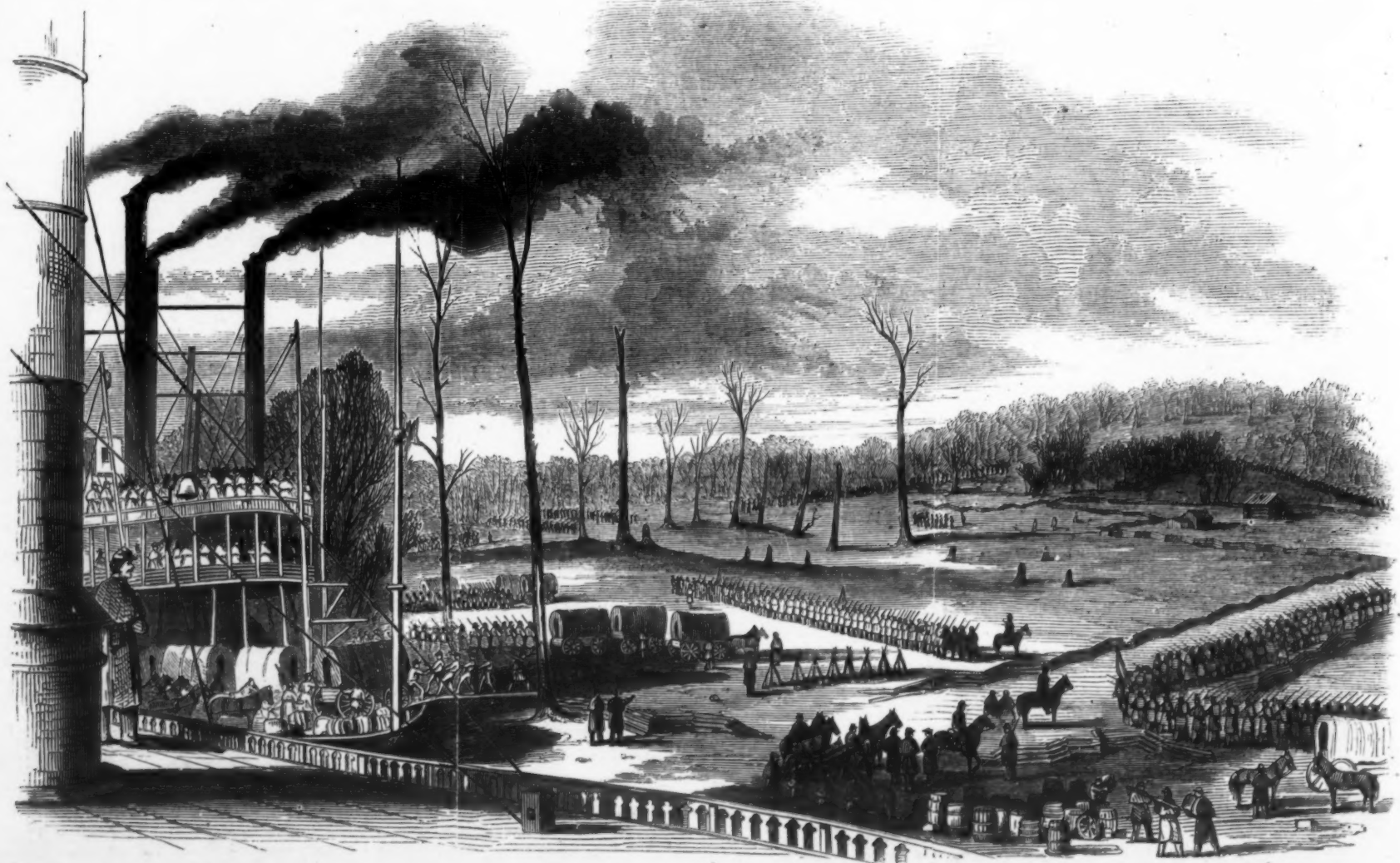
GENERAL S. B. BUCKNER, COMMANDING THE REBEL FORCES AT FORT DONELSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEBSTER & BRO.—SEE PAGE 270.

man whom her husband was so fond of, was acknowledged by her to be her only friend.

But I was not happy. There were times when I was almost suffocated by contending feelings, when I felt I must break through it all, and either snatch away Marian to be my own in some foreign land—or, taking an eternal farewell of her, return to England, bury myself at Speynings, out of sight of that fatal beauty which had destroyed my life. Marian and I had spoken of the former alternative; her children were her excuse for not acting up to the love she professed. No, she could not leave them; how could I ask it? was that my love for her? She could understand a woman sacrificing herself, but not bringing shame on her children. Whether the difficulty was not in reality her dislike to change a position which had so much that was seducing to a woman of her inclinations, for the solitary companionship of one heart, I will not affirm. Besides, it was not even an alternative; she had hitherto united both, the homage of the world and my unswerving fealty. Why should there be a change? If I was not happy I could go. In our unfortunate position, she said, we must each forego something.

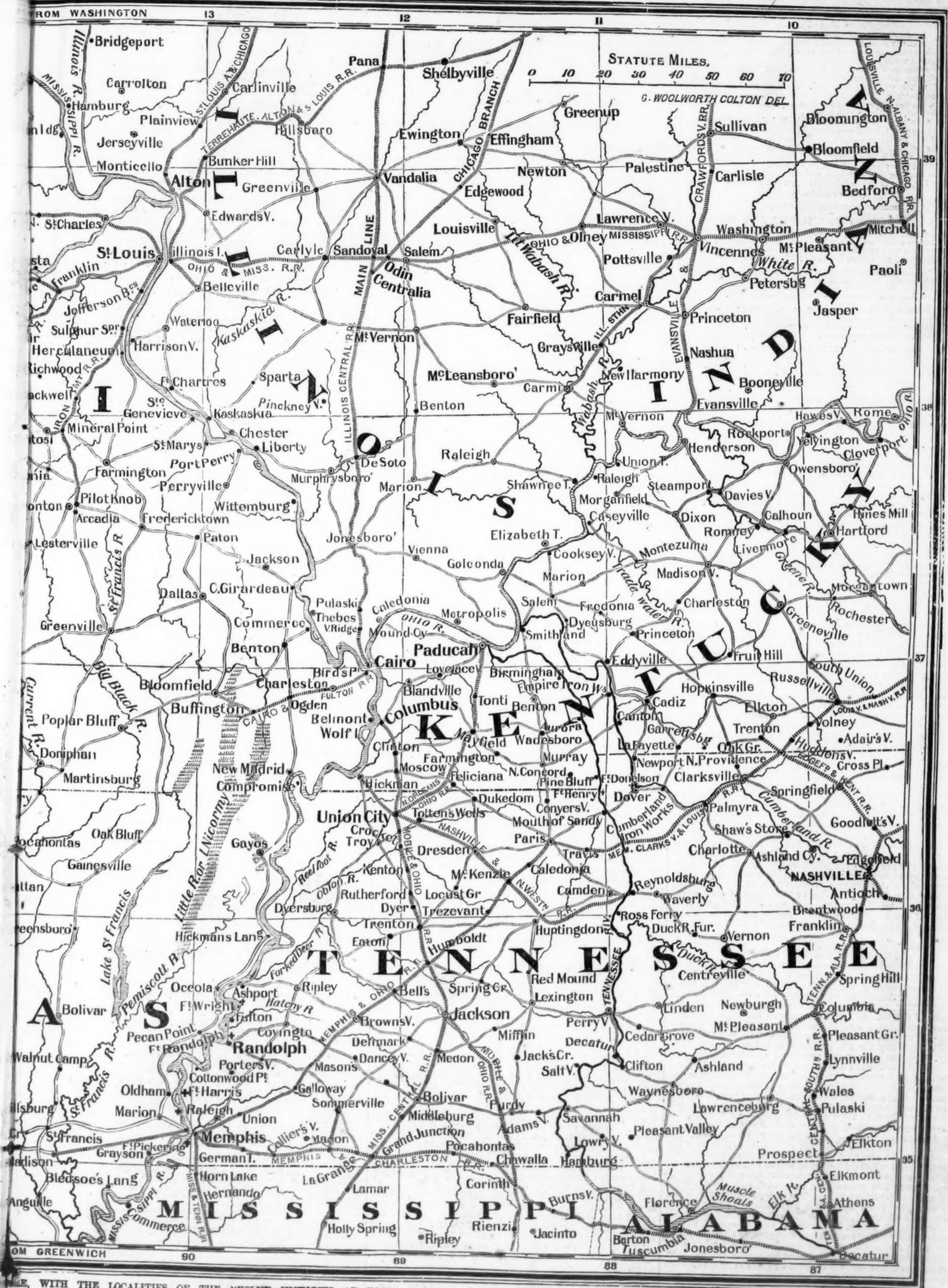
She fancied she kept within the limits of virtue (she piqued herself on her religious principles, and had a great fear of the devil) by remaining in her home. Yet where was her loyalty to her husband when she knew of my love, and, under the specious name of friendship, allowed me to speak of it. Under the name of friendship I was to be hers, and hers only. I had a vague feeling, sometimes, that a straightforward woman would have said, "Leave me; it is not good for either of us to continue a feeling which must bring, eventually, so much pain to both. Your heart must need a fuller feeling than I can bestow on it. Give me your friendship, but seek another woman's love. Love cannot exist without hope, and hope I cannot give you. Leave me for awhile, and put me out of the calculation in your reveries of future happiness. You will thank me one day for what seems coldness now."

She never said this. She took for granted that the anomalous position in which we were was to be eternal, and on the least evi-



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—FIRST LANDING OF THE U. S. TROOPS IN TENNESSEE, FEBRUARY 4, ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER, A FEW MILES FROM FORT HENRY.—SKETCHED BY H. LOVIE, FROM THE HURRICANE DECK OF THE TRANSPORT STEAMER THE NEW UNCLE SAM.—SEE PAGE 270.





WITH THE LOCALITIES OF THE RECENT VICTORIES AT FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON, AND THE NATIONAL AND REBEL POSITIONS.



dence of impatience or desire to break my chain her eyes would seek mine, and their look of mournful reproach would instantly recall my wandering allegiance. At last, however, even she began to feel that some change was a necessity. She feared the effect of custom. She dreaded the daily increasing irritability of my temper, which might at any moment cause a scene between us, in which she might have to abdicate some of her superiority. She, at last, herself counseled me to go.

It was necessary I should go to Speynings; the large fortune which had been vested in my mother by my great-uncle she had bequeathed to me without reservation. To Fanny she had left a modest competence. The rentroll of the Speynings was not in itself large, but the large sum of ready money in the funds, and my father's fortune, made me a rich man.

I wound up my affairs at Vienna; I invited the Warburtons to pay me a long visit the first *congé* he had, and returned to England. The day I left Marian was very pale, the tears were in her eyes. It was winter; she fastened a small cashmere scarf around my throat with her own white hands.

"You must take care of yourself for my sake."  
She was rarely so demonstrative, and my heart melted within me. So soft to her, how strangely hard that heart had become to all else!  
(To be continued.)

#### ENGLAND'S DEMAND FOR SLIDELL AND MASON.

TAKE them and welcome, Old England—the traitors!  
Though a slave cannot breathe on your boasted free soil,  
Your arms open wide to receive their oppressors;  
Should any one hinder, the world you'd embroil!

Sit down at your ease with your ears stuffed with cotton,  
(For long as they closed to your paupers' sad wail!)  
You like the slave's product, if others will keep him;  
You heed not the sorrows pressed down in each bale.

Take them and welcome, Old England—the traitors!  
They could not breathe long in our free Northern air!  
Take with them the scorn of a free-hearted nation,  
Then put forth another demand, if you dare!

Take them and welcome, Old England—the traitors!  
We'll send you the real, or their heads, by-and-bye,  
But never more say that you stand up for freedom,  
Or the civilized world will call it a lie!

#### BRIG.-GEN. JAMES A. GARFIELD, OF OHIO.

THE victorious campaign of the National armies in Kentucky was initiated and rendered possible by the success achieved at Middle Creek Forks, near Prestonburg, Eastern Kentucky, January 9th, 1862, by Col. now Brig.-Gen. James A. Garfield, at the head of a small National detachment, not exceeding 2,000 men, over Gen. Humphrey Marshall, commanding a force of not far from 4,000 rebels. The defeat of Marshall, who hung on the flank, and might move on the rear of the National troops operating against Zollicoffer at Mill Spring, enabled Gen. Thomas and Schoepff to proceed against Zollicoffer's stronghold with safety; and in this sense the victory of Prestonburg, although wanting the proportions of the subsequent brilliant operations at Mill Spring and Forts Henry and Donelson, was, in many senses, one of the most important events of the entire war—the turning point in the glorious Kentucky campaign of January and February, 1862.

Gen. Garfield was born in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, in the year 1831, and is consequently only 31 years of age; but then we all know that "the history of heroes is the history of youth." His father died while he was yet a mere child, and having equestrian tastes, he became a driver of the tow horses on a Western canal. With advancing years, however, came higher aspirations, and having become, in religious phrase, "converted," he turned his undivided attention to study, securing many warm and affectionate friends, who assisted him first to prosecute his studies at the Ohio Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, and subsequently at Williams's College, Massachusetts, where, in 1856, he graduated with the highest honors. Returning to Ohio he took orders as a clergyman, and became President of the institution where he had been a student, and was considered one of the ablest lecturers and preachers of Northern Ohio.

In 1859 he was elected member of the Ohio Senate, where he achieved distinction as a good speaker and a sound statesman. Returning to Portage county, he commenced the practice of the law; but on the first alarm of the rebellion entered the field as Lieut.-Colonel of the 42d Ohio regiment, of which he speedily became Colonel. Called to Kentucky, he was assigned the command of the 18th brigade, and sent, via the Ohio and Big Sandy rivers, to drive Gen. Humphrey Marshall and his rebel horde from Western Virginia, which he did effectively, in the three days intervening between January 7th and 10th, 1862. In recognition of this service he was nominated by the President as Brigadier-General, and promptly confirmed by the Senate. The zeal, energy and perseverance which he has manifested during life, and the high military aptitude which he has displayed, mark out Gen. Garfield as one of the "men of the times," whose future will bear out the promise of his past career, in behalf of the country to whose safety and glory he has dedicated his talents and is ready to sacrifice his life.

#### GEN. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER.

THIS noted leader of the rebels, recently captured with almost his entire army at Fort Donelson, is a Kentuckian by birth, and was educated at West Point. He was a cadet in 1840, brevetted 2d Lieutenant of Infantry 1st July, 1844. From August, 1845, to May, 1846, he acted as an Assistant Professor of Ethics. In May, 1846, he was brevetted 1st Lieutenant 6th Infantry for his bravery in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, where he was wounded. He was promoted to his Captaincy for his gallant conduct at El Molino del Rey. He was afterwards appointed Quartermaster, and in August, 1848, was made Assistant Instructor of Infantry Tactics. In November, 1852, he was made Commissioner of Subsistence with the rank of Captain. Here closes the noble record of Simon Bolivar Buckner; his career now is at once that of traitor and rebel, for on the commencement of the present rebellion he went to Washington and professing the utmost loyalty, obtained from Gen. Scott a permission to inspect all the fortifications near Washington, announcing at the same time his determination to offer his services to the cause of his country. After collecting all the information he could, he returned to Louisville, and gave his influence and services to the rebels. He was immediately appointed by Jeff Davis to a command, and distinguished himself by his pitiless persecution of loyal citizens. When he heard that Forts Henry and Donelson were menaced he went with a body of troops to the reinforcement of the latter stronghold, which, however, he was compelled to surrender with all that remained of his army, to Gen. Grant, on the 16th February. For his double treason he has been arrested by the Provost Marshal of Louisville, and will take his trial as a traitor. He is about 38 years of age, and bore a good reputation until the present year.

WHEN a woman has nothing to do, she talks scandal.  
When a man has nothing to do, he writes to the Times.—Punch.

#### FORT DONELSON—INCIDENTS AND OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WE continue in our present number our illustrations of the most brilliant and important achievement of the war—the capture of Fort Donelson, and regret that our duty as faithful illustrators compels us to harrow the public feeling by giving the dark as well as the bright side of war. When her boy returns crowned with laurel, the mother instinctively exclaims, "Glorious war!" but when he comes home, dying upon his shield, her woman's heart cries, "Terrible war!"

Our present number has this double aspect, the saddest of which is

#### The Wounded Soldiers Burning to Death on the Field of Battle.

This most appalling calamity was occasioned by the dry brushwood and undergrowth catching fire from the burning wads, which fell in a perfect shower. This, of course, was not discovered till next morning, when the blackened forms of several soldiers, belonging to both sides, revealed the horrible fact. In one or two instances, in another part of the field, the cries of the men called attention to them, and they were rescued from the most horrible of all deaths.

#### Group of Rebel Prisoners.

Of a far sadder shade is the scene presented by the rebel prisoners, who lounged around the fort the day after its surrender in a state of haggard misery, which took all the romance out of rebellion, and made it seem the horrible thing it is. The rebel prisoners had the double aspect of wretchedness—that of the countenance and of the garb. Let our readers fancy a face besotted with conscious guilt or dogged stupidity, unwashed, uncombed, unshaven, in many cases smeared with blood, ghastly through excitement and exhaustion, and grimed with powder, and then let him clothe this careworn and despairing man in a dress of old boots, torn trousers, with, in many cases, an old piece of carpet or blanket as a cloak, and he will get some faint idea of the desperate men who for three days fought against the life of the Union. Physically the men were stalwart, and excellent specimens of the animal American. Our Artist writes that very many, more than choose to openly avow it before their companions, seemed as though their defeat and capture had taken a load off their minds, just as a criminal feels after his confession. All joined in the loudest and deepest denunciations of the recreants Pillow and Floyd, both of whom, they said, had urged upon them the absolute necessity of fighting to the very last minute; the object of which was now very apparent—to give them an opportunity of escaping with impunity.

#### The Last and Decisive Charge.

We gave in our last paper such a complete and graphic account of the battle of Fort Donelson, that it is only necessary now to explain our illustration of the decisive charge made by the Iowa 2d regiment, on Saturday evening, and which was of so determined a character that the rebel Gen. Buckner surrendered early the next morning. The first charge on the outworks was made on Thursday by the 17th, 48th and 49th Illinois, under the lead of the senior Col. Morrison, who was shot in the hip. This we have illustrated in our last paper. The last charge was that made by the Iowa 2d regiment, as we have already said, a complete success, and resulted in Gen. Buckner's determination to capitulate. The special correspondent of the New York World thus describes the terrible scene our Artist has illustrated:

"On the right, however, lay an open space, up which climbed the brigade of Lauman. The 2d Iowa led the charge, followed by the rest in their order. The sight was sublime. Onward they sped, heedless of the bullets and balls of the enemy above. The hill was so steep, the timber cleared, that the rebels left a gap in their line of rifle-pits on this crest of hill. Through this gap they were bound to go. Right up they went, climbing up on all fours, their line of dark blue clothing advancing regularly forward, the white line of smoke from the top of the works opposed by a line from our troops.

"They reach the top! Numbers fall! The suspense is breathless! See, they climb over the works—they fall—they are lost! Another group, and still another and another, close up the gap. All is covered in smoke. The lodgment is made—the troops swarm up the hill side, their bright bayonets glittering in the sun. The firing slackens.

"What is more wonderful is, that Capt. Stone's battery of rifled 30-pounders, close behind the brigade, is tugging up the hill, the horses plunging, the riders whipping. Upward they go, where never vehicle went before, up the precipitous and clogged sides of the hill. No sooner on the crest than the guns are unlimbered, the men at their posts. Percussion shells and canister are shot spitefully from the Parrot guns at the flying enemy. The day is gained—the position is taken—the troops surround the guns, and the enemy has deserted his post. The 30-pounder which had caused so much havoc is silenced by Col. Cook's brigade, and the rebels fly to the main fort in alarm. The day is gained—the foe is running! Cheers upon cheers rend the air, and in a few minutes all is hushed."

#### The Charge of Col. Isaac N. Haynie with the 49th, 17th and 17th Illinois Regiments, February 13.

(Extract from Col. Haynie's Official Report.)

On the morning of the 13th of February I became temporarily detached from the brigade under Col. W. H. L. Wallace, having, about the time the brigade was ready to move from their camp grounds of the preceding night, received orders to remain where the regiment had encamped for the purpose of supporting a battery which had been planted immediately in front of the 48th Illinois Volunteers, under my command. In obedience to this order I remained with this battery, while the remainder of the brigade moved to the eastward. During the time I was thus detached, Gen. McClelland's orders were communicated to me, by which I was directed to form my regiment upon the left of the 17th Illinois Volunteers; this last regiment being then formed on the left of the 49th regiment, and both being to my right, and removed about 500 yards. I at once ordered the 48th regiment to be formed at the point indicated, and as soon as it was done I proceeded to the extreme right of the whole line for the purpose of conferring with Col. Morrison, before then in command of the 17th and 49th regiments.

I there met Col. Morrison with Capt. Stewart, Gen. McClelland's aid, and was for the first time informed that it was your orders for these three regiments (17th, 48th and 49th) to storm a redoubt of the enemy to our front and not far removed. Col. Morrison having transferred his command, I formed into line of battle in the Dover road, fronting toward the redoubt, and distant less than a quarter of a mile. The different regiments occupied the following positions: 49th, Col. Morrison, right; 17th, Major Smith (Col. and Lieut.-Col. absent), centre; 48th, Lieut.-Col. K. H. Smith (now deceased), left. Immediately on the formation of the line of battle I directed each commander to deploy skirmishers, and to throw them forward from 80 to 100 yards. This being done, they were farther instructed to communicate with each other at or about the centre of the column in case of necessity, and to control their movements by the centre. Whereupon I ordered the whole line forward.

The entire line advanced in good order and with alacrity until the redoubts of the enemy were approached to within a short distance, when the enemy opened a galling fire from their rifle pits and earthen breastworks. At the same time

the enemy's batteries, situated so as to be concealed and not before known to bear upon us, were opened, and a well-directed fire of shell and canister poured upon our ranks. Notwithstanding this our lines advanced until almost up to the redoubts of the enemy. In the meantime reliable information was received that the enemy were in force behind their works and well protected by six guns, planted immediately to their rear, and also by cannon situated to their west and north. As quickly as possible I proceeded to ascertain the truth, and became satisfied of the fact. The entire line had been under a brisk and galling fire for nearly an hour. Col. Morrison, commanding the 49th Illinois, had by this time been wounded, while gallantly leading his men upon the redoubts, and was carried from the field. Parts of the line had suffered considerably, and learning that the redoubts could not be taken without great destruction and loss of life, I at length reluctantly gave orders to retire down the hill, a short distance and await Gen. McClelland's orders. This was done in good order and without confusion, and was, greatly to my satisfaction, sanctioned by Gen. McClelland when reported to him.

In this action I am happy to be able to bear testimony to the good conduct of the officers and men under my command; all of them, under my own observation, with perhaps a solitary exception, labored with the utmost daring and gallantry, challenging my admiration by their heroism, and meriting from their General the highest confidence.

ISAAC N. HAYNIE.

#### FIRST LANDING OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS IN TENNESSEE.

As a matter of historical interest, we give a picture of the first landing of the U. S. troops on the "sacred soil" of Tennessee. Having in our issue of the 1st of March given a full account of the debarkation of Gen. Grant's division on the 4th of February, a few miles above Fort Henry, while Com. Foote with his flotilla of invincible gunboats steamed past Panther Island, to the very ramparts of the enemy, we now merely add that our Artist says nothing could exceed the manner in which the troops were landed; it was admirable in every respect, and reflected the greatest credit on the officers. The only anxiety was that they might be in time to assist in the storming of the stronghold—a wish they were not gratified in, as the gallant old Commodore finished the work in so much shorter a time than they had any reason to expect.

#### OUR MAP OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

We give to-day the most minute and accurate map of this island that has yet been published. As we have already described it in a previous number, we shall limit our present notice to a brief mention of the various forts erected by the rebels, and which have now fallen into our hands. Fort Bartow we have described in another article, to which we refer our readers.

Fort Huger, at Wier's Point, is a far more complete, and in every respect a stronger and more expensive work than Fort Bartow. It is inclosed on all sides, about three acres in extent; the face presents a half-moon circle, mounts 13 guns in embrasures—calibre 32 pounders, marine pattern, two rifled and banded at the breech. The embrasures and traverses are very finely constructed, as is the entire work. There are two magazines and a furnace for heating shot. It was constructed under the direction of Lieut. Selden, who fell in the action on Saturday. It was commanded by Capt. D. Cobb, of North Carolina.

Fort Blanchard (between Forts Huger and Bartow) is an earthenwork, mounting four 32-pounders, smooth bore, *en barbette*, circular in form, and, like Forts Huger and Bartow, is flanked by marshes, passable only with the greatest difficulty. Built under the direction of Lieut. Selden, it is a complete fortification of its kind, and forms a part of a chain of formidable defences, constructed with unusual skill, expense and labor. It was commanded by Lieut. Pipkin.

Shallowback Bay Fort is an earthenwork of the minor class, mounting two pivot 32-pounders.

The Centre Redoubt, on the island, taken at the point of the bayonet, was an earthenwork, mounting three guns, *en barbette*. The guns were one 24-pound howitzer, one bronze six-pounder, and one Mexican 12-pound piece.

Three guns belonging to this work were found in the swamp near at hand. They had been taken to the beach, to oppose the landing of our troops. In their retreat, after the gunboats shelled them from the woods, the rebels were compelled to abandon them where they were found.

Fort Forrest, on Sandstone Point, is represented to be an earthenwork, resembling Fort Bartow, mounting eight guns, 32-pounders. Though abandoned by the enemy, it has not yet been visited by our troops. Its flag was captured by Lieut. Fusser, of the Perry. It was commanded by Capt. White, of the 7th North Carolina.

The capitulation, therefore, embraces five forts, 34 guns, and not less than 2,600 prisoners, though the exact number has not yet been ascertained. Properly to this inventory should be added Fort Forrest, with eight guns, making, in all, six forts and 42 guns.

Nag's Head, which has been so often referred to as the resting-place of Governor Wise, is a miserable little village of huts, called cottages, built around a large wooden frame house, which they dignify with the name of hotel. It is a Southern parody on a watering-place, and was frequented by many families of the North Carolina gentry in the summer. It is now only a heap of blackened ruins, as the rebels set fire to the hotel when they fled.

We ought to mention that the three-gun battery stormed by Hawkins's Zouaves was called Fort Defiance: it is close to Shallowback or Shellback Bay.

#### MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE WEST.

THE momentous struggle that is going on in the States of Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky, renders it necessary that our readers should understand thoroughly the bearing of the recent events at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Bowling Green, Clarksville and Nashville, as well as of the excursion of our gunboats up the Tennessee river as far as Florence, where the Old Flag was welcomed with the utmost rejoicings. We have therefore prepared a map which will enable all to trace the march of our National armies, and rightly estimate the relations of every military movement. A few minutes study of the railroads, as laid down on our map, will demonstrate more clearly than a volume of description that the spinal cord of the rebellion is broken, and that nothing now can galvanize it into life. Its motion now is the mere writhings of that nervous agony which generally precedes dissolution. All honor to the Western men who, when they see the enemy, pause not to count the inches of mud, but dash right onward!

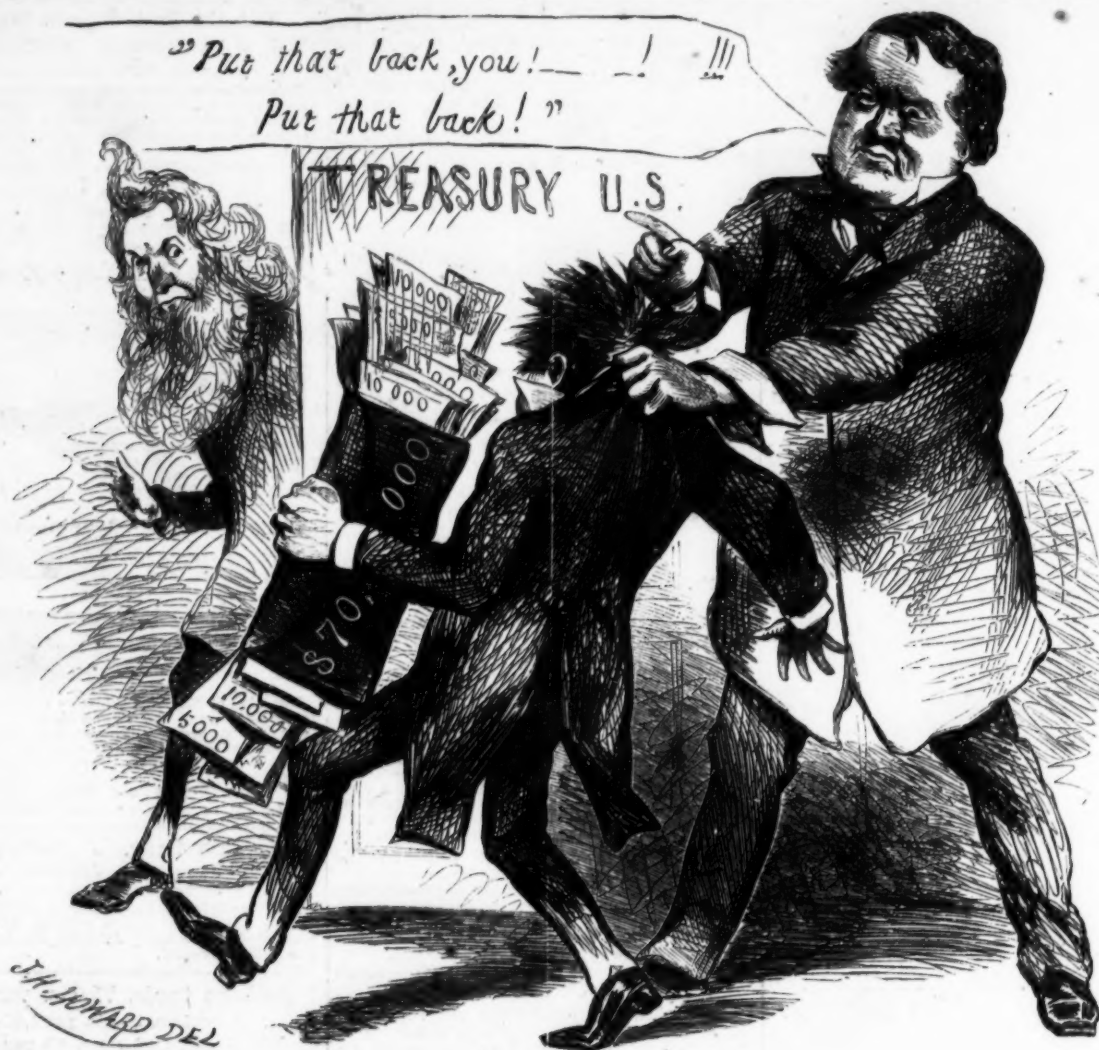
ARGAUS AND PARTHENIA.—But within some dayes after the marriage between Argaus and the fair Parthenia being to be celebrated, Disphantus and Palladius, selling some of their jewels, furnished themselves of very fair apparel, meaning to do their loving host, who, as much for their sakes as for their marriage, set forth each thing in most gorgeous manner. But all the cost bestowed did not so much enrich, nor all the fine bedecking so much beautify, nor all the fine dainty devices so much delight, as the fairness of Parthenia, the pearl of all the maidens of Maritima, who, as she went to the temple, wherein love and beauty were married, her lips, though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kinde of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them, her cheeks blushing, and withall, when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred.—*Sydney's Arcadia*.

An editor, retorting upon an opponent, says: "Now this is a matter of taste—or rather of common decency—and something with which we have nothing to do."









"HAIL (HALE) TO THE CHIEF" (CONTRACTOR).

"The \$70,000 of the public money now in the hands of Mr. George D. Morgan in equity and good conscience belongs to the Government and not to him, and should at once be restored to the National Treasury, and such reasonable compensation for his services paid to him as justice shall require."—Committee's Report.

FAGIN—"My goodness, vat a horrible tinghs dish is—giving back the stolen monish!"

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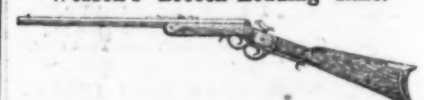
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